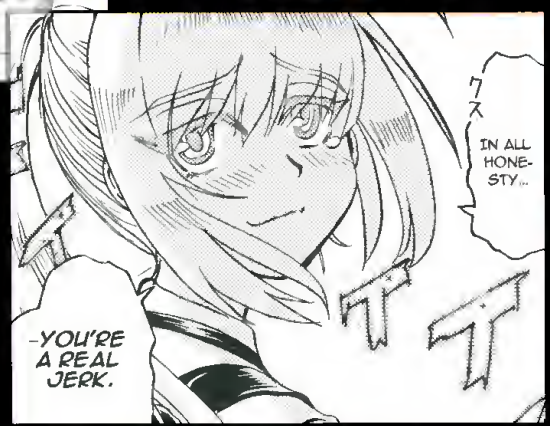
The Witches of Africa
Total Comic Collection
アフリカの魔女
総集編

アフリカの魔女 総集編

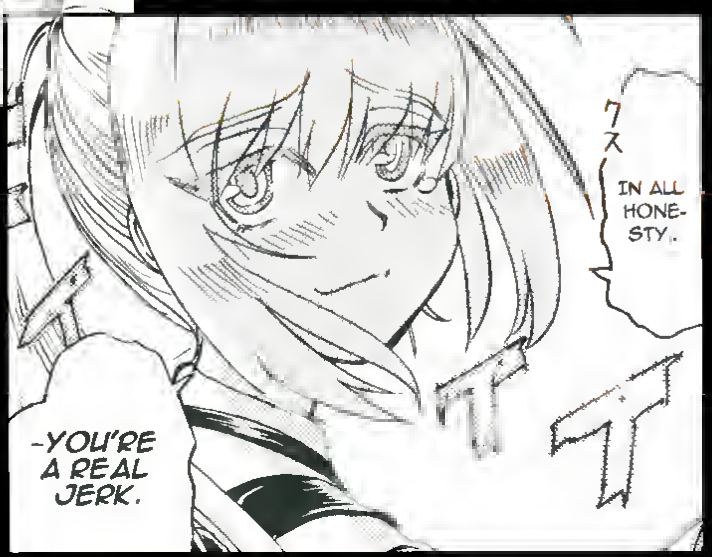
「アフリカの魔女」シリーズ、皆様の声にお応えして3作品を合本化!

1943年、北アフリカ・ハルファヤ峠。
カールスラント陸軍バッハ少佐率いる
人類連合軍北アフリカ軍団防衛部隊は、
ネウロイの攻勢に対し峠を死守せんとしていた。
次々と増える損害、部隊全滅警報。
それにこたえて急行するマイルズ少佐率いる
ブリタニア王国陸軍陸戦魔女部隊、
そしてアフリカの星、ハンナ・ユスティーナ・マルセイユ。
はたして、人類は北アフリカを護り切れるのか?
2008年夏に発表され、骨太な戦場描写と
可憐な魔女達の活躍を描き大反響を呼んだマンガ
「アフリカの魔女」、そして2009年に前後篇で
発表され、「ウィッチーズワールド」物語の可能性を
広げた「砂漠の虎」、そして新作読み切り
「スツーカの魔女」を収録。



「アフリカの魔女」シリーズ、皆様の声にお応えして3作品を合本化!

1943年、北アフリカ・ハルファヤ峠。
カールスラント陸軍バッハ少佐率いる
人類連合軍北アフリカ軍団防衛部隊は、
ネウロイの攻勢に対し峠を死守せんとしていた。
次々と増える損害、部隊全滅警報。
それにこたえて急行するマイルズ少佐率いる
ブリタニア王国陸軍陸戦魔女部隊、
そしてアフリカの星、ハンナ・ユスティーナ・マルセイユ
はたして、人類は北アフリカを護り切れるのか?
2008年夏に発表され、骨太な戦場描写と
可憐な魔女達の活躍を描き大反響を呼んだマンガ
「アフリカの魔女」、そして2009年に前後篇で
発表され、「ウィッチーズワールド」物語の可能性を
広げた「砂漠の虎」、そして新作読み切り
「スツーカの魔女」を収録。



ストライクウィッチーズ
STRIKE WITCHES
14
アフリカの魔女
Witch in Africa

ストライクウィッチーズ アフリカの魔女 Witch in Africa

AFRIKA
1941 1943
KARLSLANDSAFRIKAKORPS

島田フミカネ × 鈴木貴昭 × 野上武志
SHIMADA humikane SUZUKI takaaki NOGAMI takeshi

ストライクウィッチーズ 砂漠の虎 Tiger in Desert vol.2

AFRIKA
KARL-MANDS AFRIKAKORPS

Tiger in Desert vol.2

島田フミカネ SHIMADA humikane
×
岩本裕臣 × 碧上敬志

ゴォォォォォ
GENTLEMEN, OUR TASK IS EXCRUIATINGLY SIMPLE
NORTH AFRICA, 1942
COMPANY COMMANDER !!!
16 MILES WEST OF HALFAYA PASS
4 O'CLOCK HIGH!
ｷﾀ!
IT IS THIS --
IT'S THE STAR OF AFRICA!

UNTIL OUR LADIES COME !!!
TO HOLD HALFAYA PASS ..
ストライクウィッチーズ
アフリカの魔女
The Witches of Africa

WAITING FOR OUR DATES TO ARRIVE AT PICCADILLY!
WE ARE LIKE CHERRY-BOYS...
WHICH BRINGS ME TO MY POINT!
WHEN THE NEUROI COME, THE WITCHES MIGHT COME AS WELL!
I DO PROCLAIM, I CAN'T WAIT!
WELL, EITHER THE Rflmm ACHT-ACHT OR MY OWN CANNON SHALL SPEW OUT HELLFIRE!
FOR WHAT?
ATTENTION!
GO AHEAD AND ENJOY YOUR SUPPER.
AS YOU WERE...
I
ROMAGNA CUISINE IS THE WORLD'S BEST!
TALK ABOUT BEING FORTU-NATE... THIS PASTA'S GREAT!
I DARE SAY! YOUR DOORKNOCKER ISN'T MUCH, BUT THAT MONSTER FLAK GUN IS ANOTHER STORY!

SIR! PROCEEDING WELL, SIR! MAJOR BACH!
HOW IS OUR PROGRESS ?
VERY GOOD!
FIGHTING SPIRITS .
THEIR FIGHTING SPIRITS SEEM HIGH. VERY GOOD INDEED!
MOST OF THEM ARE YOUNG BOYS, STILL IN THEIR TEENS
THEY SIMPLY DON'T KNOW FEAR YET.

KEEPING THEM ALIVE ...
JUST LONG ENOUGH SO THEY'RE MATURE ENOUGH TO LEARN ...
THAT'S THE HARD PART OF OUR SYLLABUS, MISTER SIMPSON!
LEHRER TEACHER?
HERR LEHRER!
MORE ENJOYABLE THAN OUR CURRENT DUTIES.
GRADING HISTORY FINALS WOULD BE ...
... TRUE
AH, PERHAPS I DIDN'T MENTION THIS BEFORE, LT. MARCO. MAJOR BACH ...
... IS A TEACHER WHEN NOT ON DUTY AS A RESERVE OFFICER.
HERR LEHRER !!!

THE YEAR 1939 ...
MARKED A PROFOUND CHANGE FOR HUMANITY.
ALARM !!!
JUST HOW DRASTIC WAS THIS TRANSITION? SIMPLY PUT ...
ALL MEN, GET TO YOUR COMBAT POSITIONS !!!
HUMAN'S NO LONGER HAD THE LUXURY ..
INCOMING !!!
... TO ENGAGE IN THE ACT OF KILLING EACH OTHER.

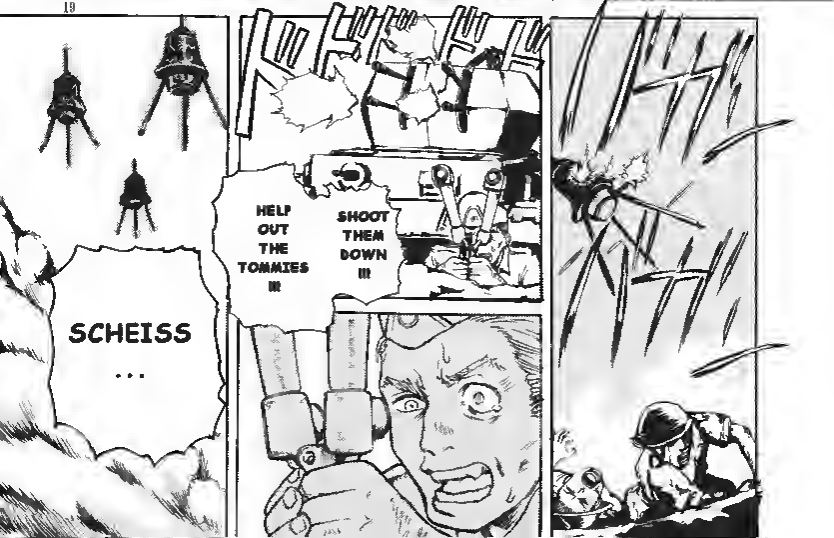
HUMANITY WAS ENGAGED IN A STRUGGLE BETWEEN SPECIES WHERE ITS VERY SURVIVAL WAS AT STAKE!
NEUROI ... ... STRANGE HOSTILE ENTITIES THAT APPERED FROM NOWHERE.
15
READY THE ACHT-ACHT!
FIRE !!!
DAMN TURTLES CAN GO TO HELL!
WHERE'S YOUR BALLS! YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN!?
IF THEY BREAK THROUGH HALFAYA PASS, HUMANITY LOSES NORTH AFRICA!
YOU HOLD THIS GROUND!
14

IN-COMING !!!
ENEMY'S RETURN FIRE ...
!
YEEHA! WE DID IT!

AAA-RGHH !!!

LAND-MINE FIELD BREACHED !!!
I SAY AGAIN, NEUBOI 7 AT ...
NEUBOI 7 AT DESERT 31
HQ!

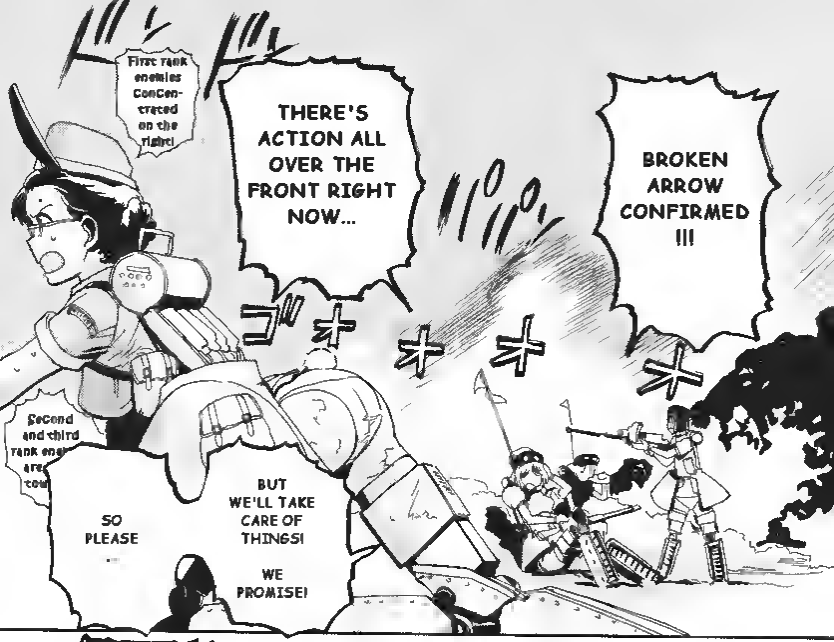
PULL BACK TO THE REAR DEFENSE POSITIONS!
I SAID ...
GO GO GO !!!
HURRY!
FLYING GOBLET !!!


SCHEISS
...
HELP OUT THE TOMMIES !!!
SHOOT THEM DOWN !!!

THERE'S TO MANY OF THEM ...
IS AT BEST RIFFICULT ...
OUR SITU-ATION ...
.....
HOCH-WASSER! LARGE-SCALE ENEMY OFFENSIVE!
I AM DECLARING 'BROKEN-ARROW!' I SAY AGAIN, ...
WHAT DOES YOUR TRAINING SAY ABOUT SUCH A SITUATION ?
I LOVE YOUR RRITANNIAN SAYINGS MISTER SIMPSON.
HA-NA-NA-
OUR YOUNG LADS ARE PUTTING UP QUITE A FIGHT, BUT...
.....

IF WE HAD ...
A FUTURE WE COULD COUNT ON. I'D AGREE.
IN ORDER TO MIN-IMIZE LOSES ...
WITNDRAW AT ONCE SO WE MAY FIGHT AGAIN IN THE FUTURE.
ドゥン..

YOU MUSTN'T GIVE UP !!!


First rank enemies concentrated on the right!
THERE'S ACTION ALL OVER THE FRONT RIGHT NOW...
BROKEN ARROW CONFIRMED !!!
Second and third rank ene are cou
SO PLEASE...
BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS!
WE PROMISE!

PLEASE HOLD OUT FOR JUST ONE MORE HOUR!
ah
ONE HOUR !!!
MISTER SIMPSON. CAN YOU GIVE ME A RUNDOWN...
OF THIS RATHER ENGAGING SITUATION!
NO PROBLEM MY DEAR FRAULEIN!

ドォ…ン
HE WILL MOST LIKELY BE ANNIHILATED ABOUT THIRTY MINUTES FROM NOW
ガラ
WHILE OUR DEAR GODDESSES WILL NOT ARRIVE FOR ANOTHER HOUR
バラバラ
IS THERE …
… A PROBLEM?

NONE WHATSO-EVER SIR !!!
SO THAT WE MIGHT GREET OUR LADIES AMICABLY.
WE SHALL FIGHT TO THE VERY LAST MAN ...
SUCH IS THE RIGHTEOUS PATH!
OF A REAL MAN!
I DARE SAY!
AGREED.

GENTLEMEN!
REINFORCEMENTS HAVE COME!

UM... LEHRER BACK
ONLY THREE ?!?
FOR THE MOMENT, THAT'S ALL
WHAT ABOUT THE ACHT-ACHT?
ONLY THAT ONE STILL WORKS !!!
THAT'S OUR LAST GUARDIAN
ドゴーン

THE AMMO'S BEEN SET OFF!
URGH ...
THE GUN IT'S STILL GOOD SIR
DON'T TALK! MEDIC!
HERR LEHRER! KEEP DOWN, SIR!
COME ON! STAY WITH ME BOY!
OUR LUCK... HAS IT RUN OUT ???

WHAT IN GOD'S
I CAN MAKE IT OUT CLEARLY! IT'S GELBEN 14 !!!
THE STAR OF AFRICA !!!
IT'S OBERLEUTNANT HANNA-JUSTINA MARSEILLE OF THE KARLSLAND LUFTWAFFE !!!

GET DOWN! DO YOU WANT TO DIE?!
GIVE ME COVERING FIRE!
I'LL BLAST THAT ONE WITH THIS SPECIAL PACKAGE!
YOU'RE ...
YOU ...
P

MAJOR MILES OF C COMPANY. 4th ARMORED BRIGADE. BRITANNIAN ROYAL ARMY. WITH A STRENGTH OF TWELVE UNITS...
WE ARE REPORTING FOR DUTY !!!

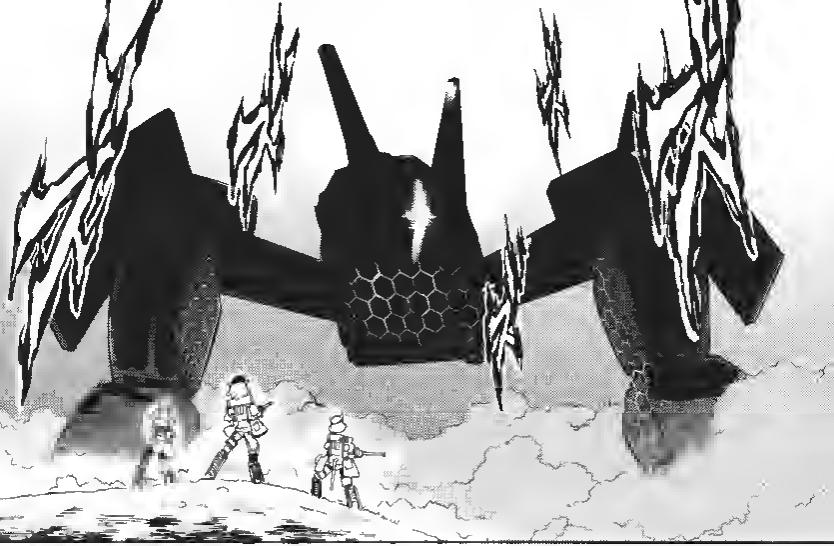
FALL INTO LINE FORMATION!
ALL UNITS ...
FORWARD MARCH !!!
THEY'RE PUSHING BACK THE NEUROI !!!
HOLY CRAP ...

SHE'S GOING TO BREAK HER RECORD FOR MOST KILLS IN ONE DAY!
FIVE...
SIX...

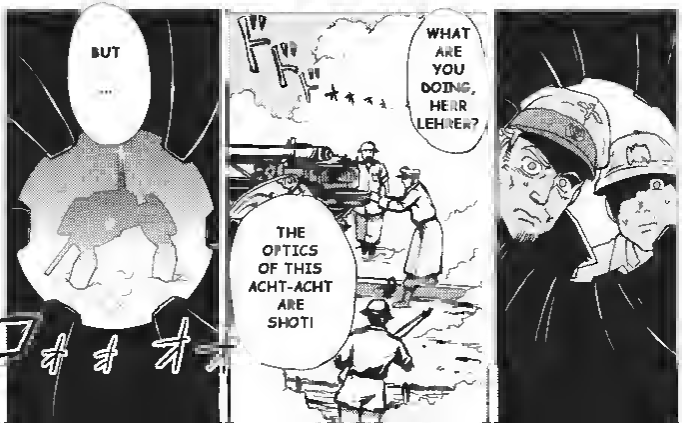
GENTLEMEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING !?!
ぴくっ
ギリ
THE LOVELY FRAULEIN ARE FIGHTING SAVAGELY ...
IS THIS ANY TIME TO TAKE A BREAK FOR TEA?
MEN... NOW WE STAND AND FIGHT!

HELP ME WITH THE ACHT-ACHT !!!
SOMEONE !!!
GOTCHA!
ROMAGNA ROYAL ARMY
FIELD MESS CREW ?!?
SIR, MEN OF ROMAGNA ...
IF OUR GALS ARE LOOKING ON ...
WILL PUT UP A FIGHT LIKE THE WORLD'S BEST!

!!
ダダダ
OBERLEUTNANT MARSEILLE IS BREAKING OFF TEMPORARILY!
OH BOY
ダダダダ



LARGE LAND-BATTLE TYPE NEUROI
...
QUITE THE BEHEMOTH, ISN'T IT?


BUT
...
ゴオオオ
THE OPTICS OF THIS ACHT-ACHT ARE SHOT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, HERR LEHRER?

IT CAN'T PUT UP A FIGHT !!!
THAT DOESN'T MEAN...
THIS IS GELBEN 14...
I'VE RUN OUT OF AMMO !!!
ガルル！

MAJOR MILES !!!
WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF AP ROUNDS !!!
IT DOESN'T MATTER, KEEP FIRING !!!
THAT'S THE CORE !!!
SHOOT AT THE CORE !!!
... SOMEBODY !!!
ガキン!
!?
OUT OF AMMO ?!?

DIRECT AIMING THROUGH THE BARREL
...
HITS THE TARGET EVERY TIME.
VIVA!

ﾕｫｫ
ﾝ
WHH...

THAT BLOODY GUN ...
SAVED OUR REAR-ENDS !!! ♥
REMAINING NEUROI FORCES ...
... ARE PULLING BACK !

GELBEN 14 ...
MISSION ACOMP-LISHED !
RETURNING TO BASE !
THERE THEY ARE !!!
HARD-SKIN STRIKE WITCHES !!!

THANK YOU !!!
I'M SO THIRSTY, COMMANDER
MARRY ME !!!
EEEK !
HERE YOU ARE !!!
!
MY DEAR LADIES MAY I PRESENT TO YOU SOME WONDERFUL WINE TO WET YOUR LIPS ♥
HEY!!! YOU DIRTY ROTTEN ROMAGNAN !!!
DON'T YOU DARE MAKE THEM DRINK YOUR LEFT-OVERS !!!
YOU JERK GET OUT OF THE WAY!

DEAR TEACHER— HERE ARE THE CUTIE WITCHES !
HERR LEHRER !
!!
47
LAND-COMBAT ARMORED WITCH UNITS !!!
AT ATTEN-TION !!!

FOR YOUR FORGIVE-NESS FOR OUR TARDI-NESS ..
I HUMBLY ASK ...
... MAJOR !
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL... YOU GIRLS FARED FAR WORSE IN THAT BATTLE..
THAN ANY OF US DID!
MAKING MEN WAIT IS A SPECIAL PRIVILEGE
EXCEPTIONAL LADIES HAVE AT THEIR DISPOSAL !!!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT SUCH TRIVIAL MATTERS.

I CAN'T SAY HOW GLAD WE ARE THAT YOU CAME !!!
DEAR WONDERFUL GIRLS
OR SHOULD I SAY, OUR DEAR COMRADES !!!
フラー フラー
ビビビビ!!!
YEAR!

I MUST PROFESS WE HAVE A BIT OF A MESS
BUT WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME TEA?
WHY, OF COURSE, WE'D LOVE SOME.

END

(Typesetter - Cleaner/rebuilder notes:)

I did not translate any of the material used in this doujinshi, I simply used translations which already existed.

See the regular credit pages for original owners/creators of this doujinshi. (Including the name of the original script translator.)

I did make several changes to the layout of this doujinshi.

Some pages in the short-story section were re-arranged, and additional pages inserted and numbered appropriately, so the English version of 'Der Stern von Africa' would fit.

An untranslated background section was left out.

The original bi-lingual format (Japanese-English,) of the doujinshi was eliminated, and the doujinshi re-typeset in an 'English-only' format.

Some changes have been made in the original doujinshi script, but this was done solely for the purposes of clarity of word-flow, and in some cases, so the character's words would fit in the available space of the original word-ballons.

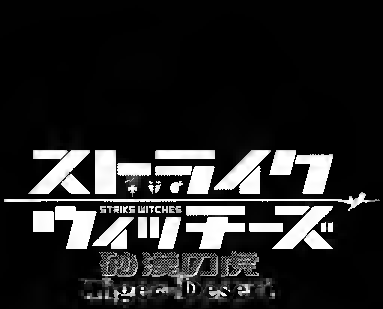
The translation for 'Der Stern von Africa' can be found on the Baka-Tsuki Translation Community Wiki, here:

http://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php?title=Strike_Witches

Give them a visit! Strike witches isn't the only thing they're working on!

-Neko Arcueid Brunestud

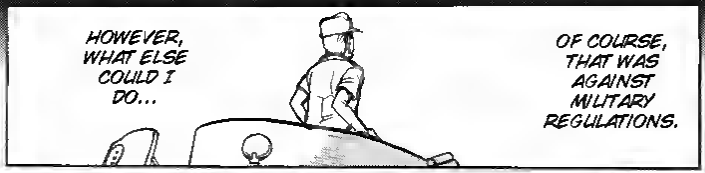
ストライクウィッチーズ
STRIKE WITCHES
砂漠の虎
Tiger in Desert



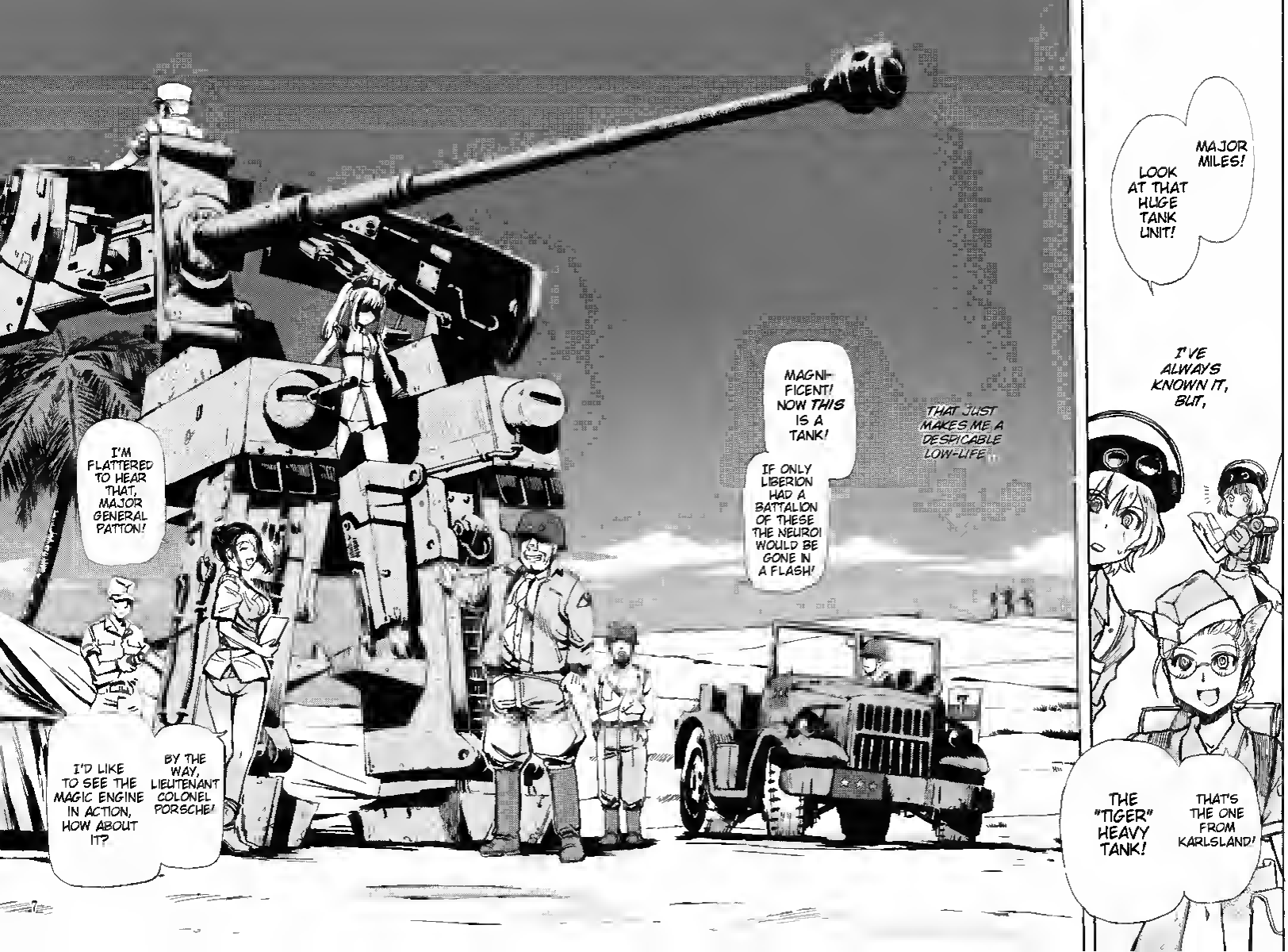
<目次>

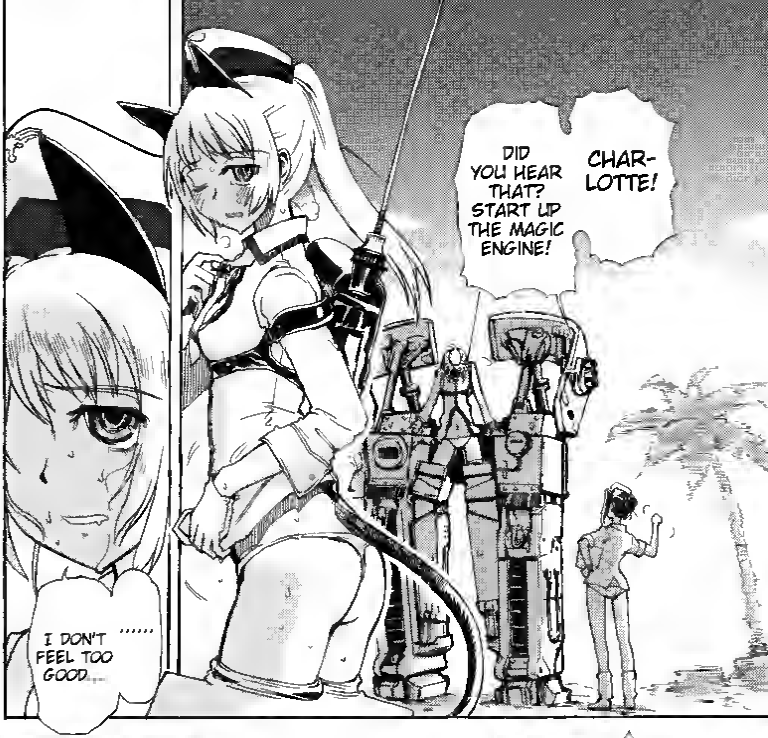
表紙　しのづかあつと　野上武志
05　漫画「砂漠の虎」野上武志
45　小説「アフリカの星　砦と月と太陽と」鈴木貴昭
66　イラスト　むらかわみちお
68　コラム「虎伝説への序曲　最強を目指した早熟の娘」　兼光ダニエル真
71　漫画「サーニャ主義」谷松樹
74　漫画「バルクホルン大尉のドキドキ特別訓練」米蔵
76　漫画　「有効なとねーるの使い方」海産物
77　応援イラスト　高村和宏監督
78　奥付

A LONG TIME AGO,
I TOLD A WITCH I LOVED HER.


HOWEVER, WHAT ELSE COULD I DO...
OF COURSE, THAT WAS AGAINST MILITARY REGULATIONS.

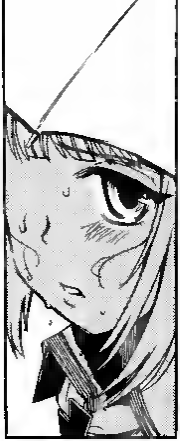
FOR THE WITCHES FIGHTING ON THE FRONT LINES...
WOW, HEY, LOOK AT THAT!

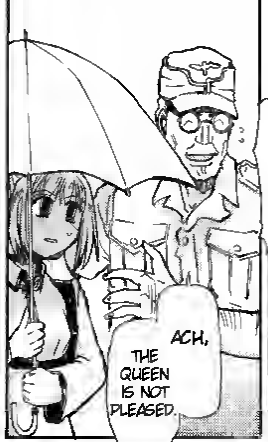

MAJOR MILES!
LOOK AT THAT HUGE TANK UNIT!
I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN IT, BUT,
THAT'S THE ONE FROM KARLSLAND!
THE "TIGER" HEAVY TANK!
THAT JUST MAKES ME A DESPICABLE LOW-LIFE...
MAGNIFICENT! NOW THIS IS A TANK!
IF ONLY LIBERION HAD A BATTALION OF THESE THE NEUROI WOULD BE GONE IN A FLASH!
I'M FLATTERED TO HEAR THAT, MAJOR GENERAL PATTON!
BY THE WAY, LIEUTENANT COLONEL PORSCHE!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAGIC ENGINE IN ACTION, HOW ABOUT IT?


CHAR-
LOTTE!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? START UP THE MAGIC ENGINE!
I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD.....
.....

ぱん
CHARLOTTE, NOT AGAIN....!
?
WHA..
!?

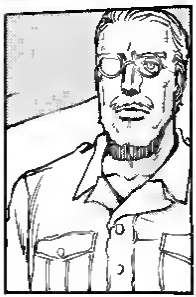
ENTSCHULDIGUNG, HERR GENERAL-MAJOR.
WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF TESTING A A NEW DESERT COOLING SYSTEM
SO THE MAGIC ENGINE IS UNDER REPAIRS AT THE MOMENT, SIR!
I'D LIKE TO SEE IT ON THE MOVE SOME TIME!
LOOKING FORWARD TO THE CHANCE!
YES SIR, GENERAL PATTON...!
IS THAT SO!
HOW UNFORTUNATE

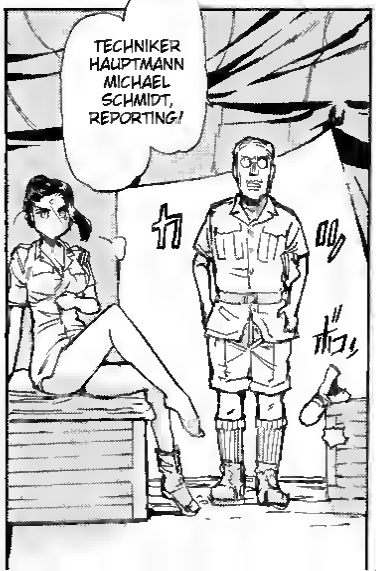



ACH, THE QUEEN IS NOT PLEASED.

HAUPTMANN SCHMIDT, REPORT TO ME AT ONCE!

ALL FIELD CREW, REST EASY!
CHAR-LOTTE, YOU TOO!
GET SOME REST!

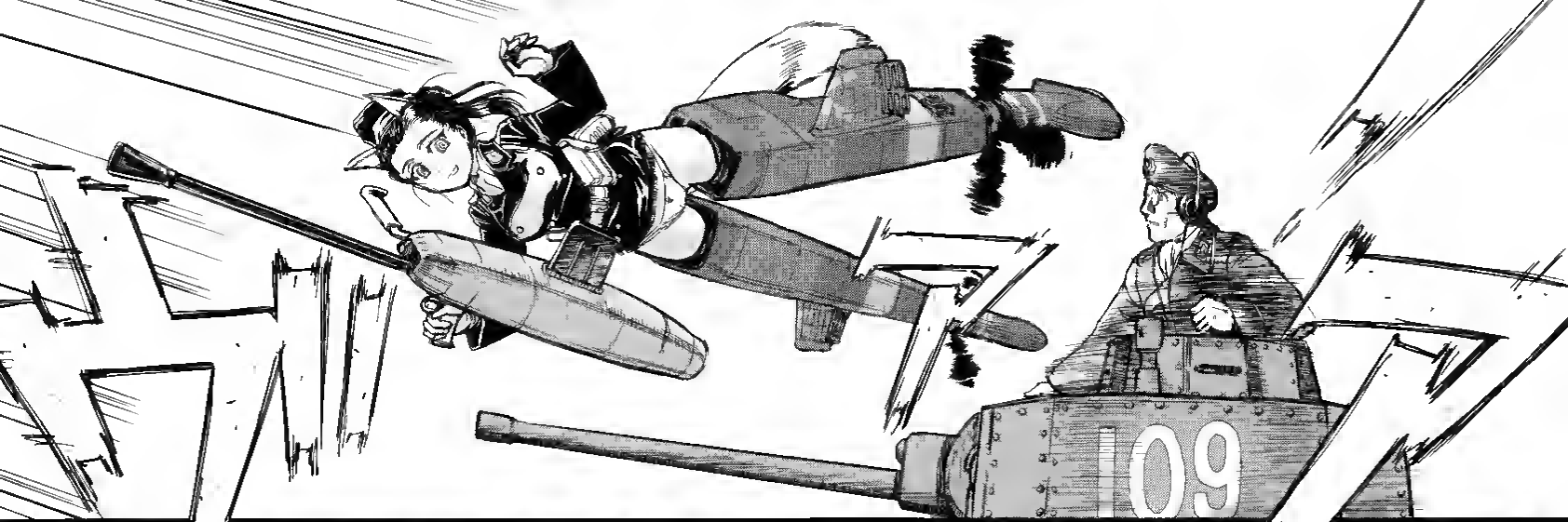



TECHNIKER HAUPTMANN MICHAEL SCHMIDT, REPORTING!

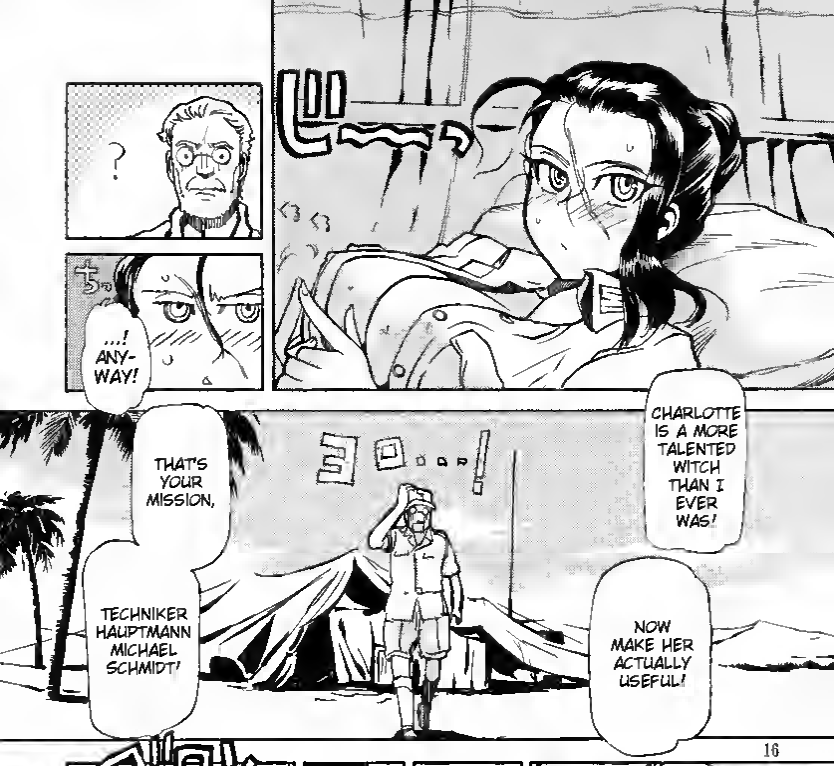
MICHAEL!
WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?
YOU DO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION WE'RE IN?
I DO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION
HOWEVER, TECHNIKER MAJOR PORSCHE,
FRIEDERIKE!
FRIEDERIKE, I KNOW KARLSLAND HAS NO MONEY...
WE HAVE TO GET ON THE GOOD SIDE OF THE PATTONS IN LIBERION TO CON THEM INTO PAYING OUR DEVELOPMENT FEES...
I'M FINE UP TO THERE.
BUT, IT'S JUST...
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO HARD ON THAT GIRL, CHARLOTTE?

TO BE A WITCH FOR A PROTOTYPE LAND COMBAT UNIT, THAT'S JUST...
SHE'S ONLY 14.
NO MATTER HOW WELL SUITED SHE IS TO BEING A WITCH,
OH?
I WAS ONLY 13 WHEN I STARTED FLYING AS A GROUND ATTACK STRIKE WITCH.
I WAS ONLY 17 WHEN I MET YOU.
EVEN IF I'M ONLY AN EX-WITCH NOW.
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT...

3 PANZER-KOMPANIE, FALL BACK!
FALL BACK!
DAMN NEURO! SCHEISSE!
SCHMIDT! THE NEURO MIASMA IS SPREADING! GET BACK!
SCHEISSE!
ARE NOTHING BUT PAPIER-MACHE DOLLS!
DAMN THEM, AGAINST THESE, OUR PROUD KARLSLÄNDER PANZER-DIVISIONS...
THAT_ ISN'T TRUE!


109

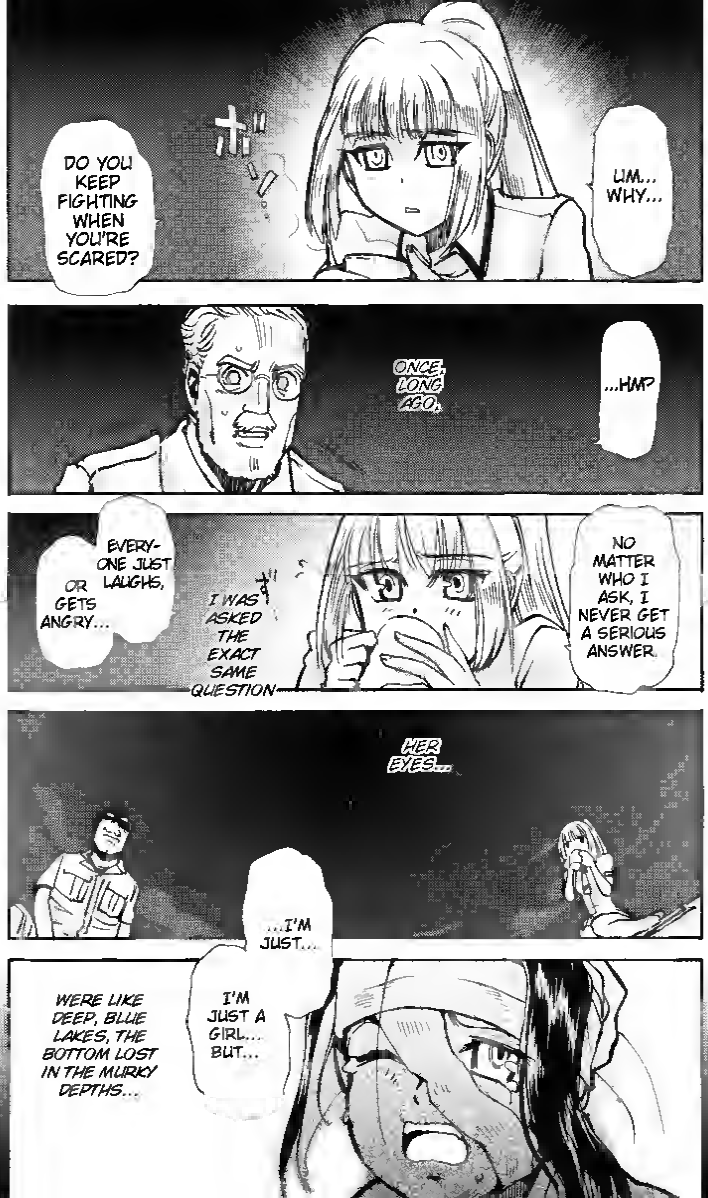
"A BEAUTY" AND "MY WITCH", YOU KNOW!
THAT'S WHEN YOU CALLED ME...

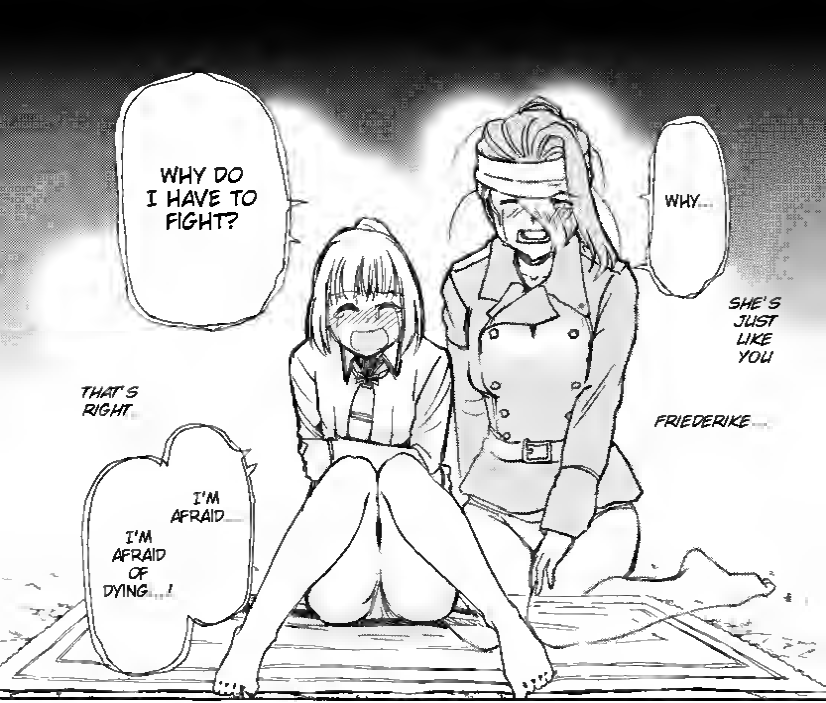

?
...! ANY-WAY!
CHARLOTTE IS A MORE TALENTED WITCH THAN I EVER WAS!
NOW MAKE HER ACTUALLY USEFUL!
THAT'S YOUR MISSION,
TECHNIKER HAUPTMANN MICHAEL SCHMIDT!

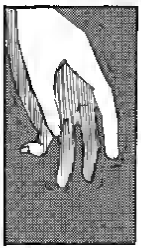
DUMM-KOPF!
But damn her breasts sure are big...
ACH...
"REPLACE ALL OF THE TREADS WE HAVE BY YOURSELF" WOULD'VE BEEN EASIER...

ゴゴゴゴ
GUTEN ABEND, CHARLOTTE
CARE FOR SOME COFFEE?

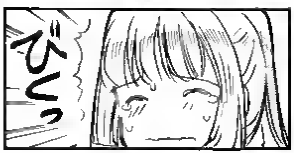
コポ
コポ…
ペ
た
トコ トコ トコ
IT'S HOT.
CARE-FUL.
WERE YOU STILL COLD?
……
I GAVE YOU MY COAT.
……
IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS IN THE DESERT.
IT'S COLD AT NIGHT, ISN'T IT?
UM, HAUPT-MANN…
I CAN'T EVEN GET A CONVER-SATION STARTED!
ずずず
……


DO YOU KEEP FIGHTING WHEN YOU'RE SCARED?
UM... WHY...
...HM?
ONCE, LONG AGO,
EVERY-ONE JUST LAUGHS, OR GETS ANGRY...
I WAS ASKED THE EXACT SAME QUESTION
NO MATTER WHO I ASK, I NEVER GET A SERIOUS ANSWER.
HER EYES...
...I'M JUST...
I'M JUST A GIRL... BUT...
WERE LIKE DEEP, BLUE LAKES, THE BOTTOM LOST IN THE MURKY DEPTHS...





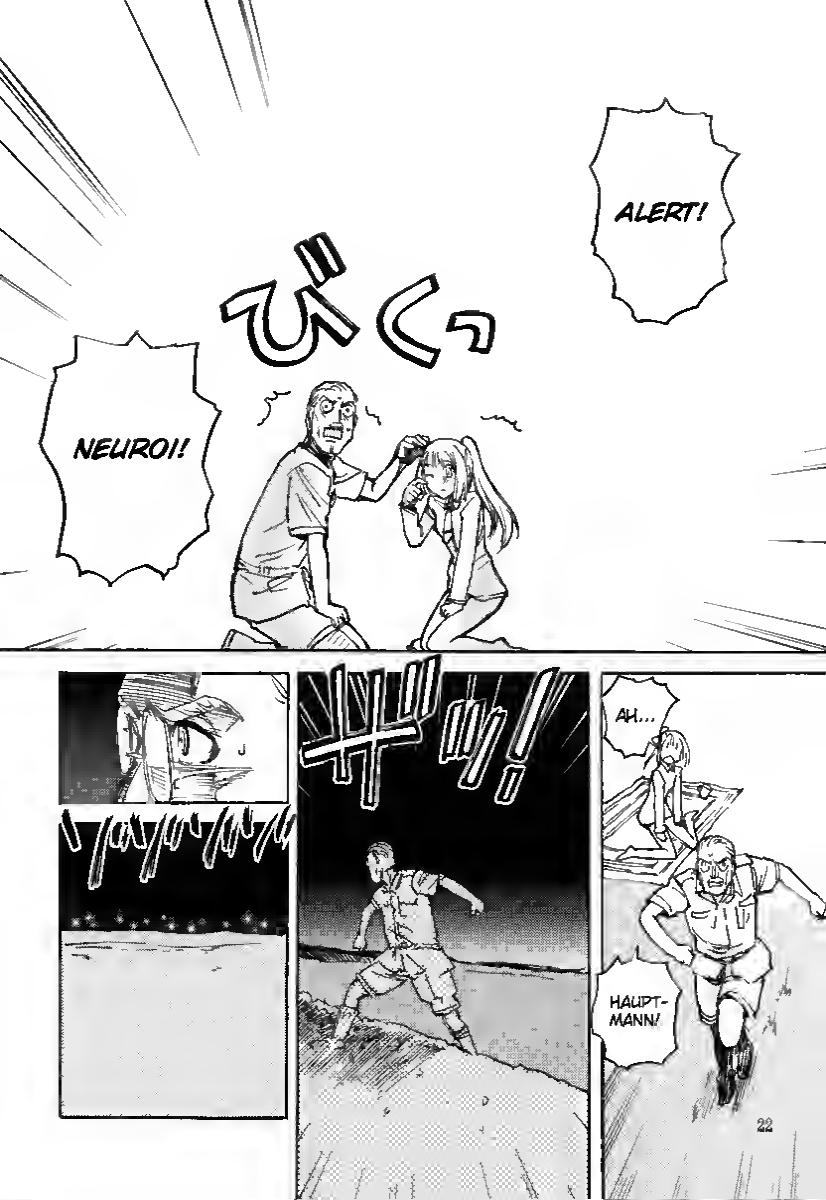
IF THE ONE HEADING INTO THE MAWS OF HELL WERE ME, I COULD HAVE GONE, LAUGHING ALL THE WHILE.



A MAN'S DUTY,

A SOL-DIER'S DUTY.

くしゃ
くしゃ
くしゃ
くしゃ
くしゃ
AND YET, THIS
THERE THERE!
...!
THERE THERE!
.....♥
THERE THERE!
THERE THERE...
THERE THERE!
IS ALL I CAN DO...
THERE THERE!


ALERT!
びくっ
NEURO!!
AH...
HAUPT-
MANN!

I'M AFRAID... HALPT-MANN...
THEY'RE DEEP BEHIND ALLIED LINES! WHAT IN HELL...
MICHAEL!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?
FRIE...
TAKE COMMAND OF THE GENERAL RETREAT!
THE TIGER IS OUR TOP PRIORITY!
CHARLOTTE, GET THE TIGER TO SAFETY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE!?
YOU'RE NOT A WITCH ANY MORE!
FRIEDE-RIKE!
BUT, IS THERE ANYONE ELSE?
SO THIS BASE I'VE GOT TO DEFEND IT!

MICHAEL, GET ON THE TIGER!

NEVER...
-ER
NEV-ER
YOU WILL NEVER...
MI-CHAEL!
TAKE A SINGLE STEP PAST THIS POINT!

AT LEAST GET THE TIGER AWAY!
THEIR MIASMA'S COMING!
PLEASE!
27
...!

ゴキン ゴキン
ハァハァ
HURRY!
GO!
WHY...
HOW CAN SHE GO TO SUCH LENGTHS!?
ハァ
ｷｬ
ｷｬ
SHE'S
NOTHING LIKE ME!

NO...
YOU TWO ARE THE SAME...!

ドゥ
LONG AGO,
FRIEDE-RIKE WAS...
ALSO A FRIGHT-ENED, YOUNG GIRL...
JUST LIKE YOU!

SHE WAS TREMBLING IN FEAR AND CRYING
I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING
WITH ALL MY HEART AND SOUL...
I SAID JUST A SINGLE SENTENCE...
YOU ARE...
"MY WITCH!"
THE REASON WHY
SHE WILL FIGHT NO MATTER THE COST
IS ME...!

EVEN THOUGH...
I CAN NO LONGER FIGHT MYSELF...
!?
ALL I EVER WANTED WAS FOR HER TO LIVE!
WHICH IS WHY SHE TRIES TO FIGHT TO THE END OF THE WORLD IN MY STEAD!

...HAUPT-
MANN!
YOU
HAVEN'T
UNDERSTOOD
ANYTHING!

HAUPT-MANN.
MEN LIKE YOU...
ARE REALLY...
THE WORST KIND OF PERSON.
BUT...
PRECISELY BECAUSE OF THAT...

IF EVERYONE DOESN'T LIVE THROUGH THIS...
THERE'S NO MEANING TO IT AT ALL!

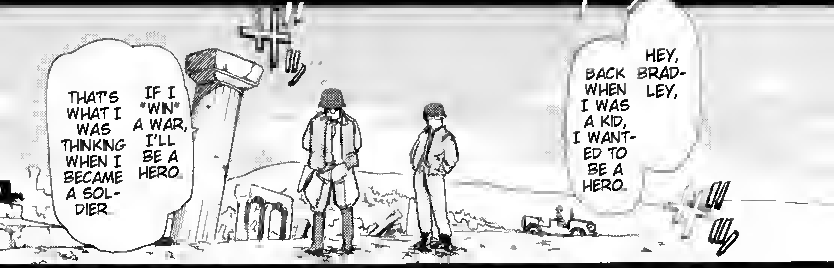
IT MOVED!?
THE TIGER'S MAGIC ENGINE...!
HAUPT-MANN
DO YOU WANT TO SAVE FRAULEIN FRIE-DERIKE?
SHE'S MY WITCH!
WHA OF COURSE!
フス
YOU REALLY ARE...
A HORRIBLE MAN ♥
SHELL TYPE—— HIGH EXPLOSIVE...
LOAD!

ACHTUNG!
URGENT! CALLING ALL UNITS IN RANGE!
WE ARE UNDER ATTACK BY NEUROI FORCES!
CURRENT SITUATION—— REQUESTING SUPPORT FOR FULLY ENGAGED WITCH!

I, FELDWEBEL CHARLOTTE!
PROTOTYPE TIGER TANK UNIT #6, OF THE KARLSLÄNDER HEER!
.....
CHAR-LOTTE...!?
I WILL REMAIN AT THIS POSITION
AND PROVIDE COVERING FIRE FOR MAJOR FRIEDERIKE FORTHWITH!

FIRE!
CONTINUED IN PART 2!

PREVIEW


HEY, BRADLEY,
BACK WHEN I WAS A KID, I WANTED TO BE A HERO.
IF I "WIN" A WAR, I'LL BE A HERO.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING WHEN I BECAME A SOLDIER

The Human-Neuroi War

For what do we fight?

For what do we die?

THE ANSWER...
For what must humanity prevail?
I'LL TELL YOU, BRADLEY!

STRIKE WITCHES
TIGER IN DESERT (END)

<OPERATIONS COMMENCE>
SUMMER 2009

ストライクウィッチーズ
STRIKE WITCHES
砂漠の虎
Tiger in Desert

< 奥付 >
SHIMADA FUMIKANE ,SUZUKI TAKAAKI,NOGAMI TAKESHI
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED 2008
発行日 2008年12月30日 初版発行

発行責任者 野上武志
連絡先 info@firstspear.com
印刷 共信印刷株式会社

ご意見，ご感想をお寄せください。
http://www.ne.jp/asahi/humikane/e-waes/
http://www.firstspear.com
http://yamihun.air-nifty.com/blog/

印刷 共信印刷株式会社

この物語はフィクションです。
実存の人物・団体名とは一切関係はございません。

本書は日本国の著作権法及びベルヌ条約などの国際条約により、著作権の保護を受けています。
本書の一部あるいは全部について、著者からの文章での許諾を得ないいかなる方法によっても無断で複写、複製することは禁じられております。
ただし、日本国著作権法第32条【著作権の制限】に定められた場合を除きます。
もし違反が確認された場合は法的手続きをとらせていただきます。

当国行物の無断複製・放送・上映・ネットにアップロード等の行為を禁止します。
尚、当国行物を複製した画像情報を不特定多数に公衆できるコンピューターネットワークへのアップロードを固く禁じます。
当方以外による翻訳についても当方は 切関知致しません。

尚、この文言を削除する事では無断転載・翻訳の違法性は 切軽減されません。

This book has received the protection of copyright with international treaty such as the Copyright Act and Verne treaty of Japan.
It is prohibited that with no permission to reproduces & duplirates portion of this book or entirely concerning, with whatever method of not obtaining the permission in the document from the author.
However, the Japan Copyright Art 32nd provision < Restriction of copyright > the case where it is decided is excluded.
When violation was verified, you take legal procedure.
No unauthorized reproduction, broadcasting, nor displaying will not be tolerated. Furthermore, the uploading of images taken from this publication to any publicly accessible computer network servire is strictly prohibited.
Any translation of this publication conducted by parties not expressively given permission by the authors is not sanctioned and we disavow any association with said unauthorized translations.
Furthermore, the elimination of this clause from any scanned reproduction of this publication does not in any way or form lessen the
illegality of the unauthorized reproduction and / or translation.

STRIKE WITCHES

砂漠の虎

Tiger in Desert

vol.2

<Contents>

Cover　Shimada Humikane
04　Summary
07　Manga "Tiger in Desert" Nogami Takeshi
49　Novel "Owl Morn" Suzuki Takaaki
74　Colophon

前回までのあらすじ
すばらしい！
リベリオンにも
個人撮影あれば
ネウロイなどイチコロなのにな！
永栄ですわ
ハットン准尉！
私と同じだ
フレデリカ――
何で
私が戦わなくちゃいけないの？
そうだ
死ぬのは
恐いよぉ…
あいつは
戦えぬ俺の
代わりに――
!?
どこまでも
戦ってくれているんだ！
こんな事しか
ぐしゃ
ぐしゃ
ぐしゃ

大尉！
あなたは何も――
割っていない！
ヨロ
痛いた!?
この場にとどまり
フレデリカ少尉の護衛にまわる！
ホント
ひどい男♥
みんなで生き残らなきゃ
意味がないでしょう!?
撃テェ！
そして物語は始まる

STRIKE WITCHES
砂漠の虎
Tiger in Desert
vol.2

SCHWARZWALD, KARLSLAND... THE BLACK FOREST THAT WAS THE NAME OF CHARLOTTE'S HOME.
HER PARENTS DIED SOON AFTER HER BIRTH, AND SHE LIVED A QUIET LIFE IN THE FOREST WITH HER GRANDMOTHER, THE DESCENDANTS OF A LONG LINE OF WITCHES.
SHE WAS THE LAST OF THAT ANCIENT BLOODLINE OF MAGIC.
UPON HER GRANDMOTHER'S DEATH,
SHE WAS LEFT ALL ALONE.
THE WAR AGAINST THE NEUROI, A THREAT LOOMING OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD, MAY HAVE BEEN OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO HER.

ゴゴゴ
WHY IS IT THAT NOW...!
SHE CAN FIGHT FOR OUR SAKE!?
N... NO! CHAR-LOTTE!
GET AWAY FROM HERE!
AND YET
PANZER, FORWARD VOR-WARTS!
STRIKE WITCHES
砂漠の虎
Tiger in Desert
vol.2
09
08

FRIEDE-
RIKE!
LEAVE IT TO ME, MEIN HERR.
SHELL TYPE — MAGIC ARMOR-PIERCING
LOAD!
AIM!
!!
FIRE!

FRIE-
DERIKE!
ARE YOU
ALRIGHT!?
A-
AMAZING
WE'RE
GETTING
OUT OF
HERE
RIGHT
NOW!
I OR-
DERED
YOU TO
RUN, SO
WHY DID
YOU COME
BACK!
SHOULD-
N'T IT
BE OB-
VIOUS?
YOU'RE
MY
HAUPT-
MANN!

OH NO!
WE'RE SUR-ROUNDED!
DON'T EVEN THINK OF GIVING UP!
EVEN A TIGER WOULD...
AGAINST THESE NUM-BERS...

トクン!
YOU'RE NOT IN THIS ALONE, CHARLOTTE!
?
I'M YOUR FIRST FAN!
AND I JUST SENT YOU SOME BACKUP!
W-WHO IS_?
THIS VOICE ?
I'M COMIN' TO GET YOUR SIGNATURE NOW, SO_
HANG IN THERE UNTIL THEN!

END MESSAGE. OUT!
GEORGE, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!
AND DON'T FORGET IKE* WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO TELL MONTY*?
THIS IS GOING AGAINST ALL OF OUR ORDERS!
HA! BULLSHIT!
GIVE IT UP FOR THE BIG PICTURE?
MONTY? THAT BRITANNIAN RAT* CAN EAT SHIT!
A GIRL IS FIGHTING OUT THERE!
"ABANDON THE TIGER"?
WE HAVE OUR OWN ORDERS TO ABANDON HER POSITION...
AND AS FOR US...
A SOLDIER IS FIGHTING OUT THERE.

* Monty Britannian Eighth Army Commander Montgomery

* Ike Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower

* Montgomery called himself the Desert Rat

TL note That's what it says, but everything I can find seems to point to the 7th Armoured Division of the Eighth Army being called the Desert Rats, not Montgomery himself.

GEORGE!
THIS IS YOUR DUTY AS COMMANDER OF THE II CORPS AND THE LIBERIAN AFRICA TASK FORCE.
IF I KNOW YOU AS WELL AS I THINK I DO,
SHOULDN'T DISCIPLINE BE SOMETHING YOU LOVE?
BRADLEY,
I WON'T ARGUE AGAINST THAT. YOU'RE RIGHT.
I'VE KICKED THE MEN'S ASSES FOR LESS.
BUT,
THIS TIME IT'S DIFFERENT.
THIS WAR ISN'T A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE NOW.
THIS IS HUMANITY'S STRUGGLE.
AND SO,
JUST WHAT DOES "VICTORY" MEAN FOR US?

THAT GIRL WITH THE TIGER,
I'LL TELL YOU,
BRAD-LEY.
SHE KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT.
I CAN GODDAMN FEEL IT...!

MAGIC ENGINE OUTPUT DROPPING!
Haa
Haa
CHAR-LOTTE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?
OH NO!!
BE... BEHIND US!
Bwuh!
KYAA!!

THIS IS MAJOR MILES OF C COMPANY, 4TH ARMOURED BRIGADE, BRITANNIAN ROYAL ARMY!
SORRY FOR THE WAIT!!
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE FIRST ONES HERE THOUGH!
REIN-FORCE-MENTS! WE'RE SAVED!!
COMPANY! ALL ROUND DEFENCE!!
FORM UP AND COVER THAT TIGER!!

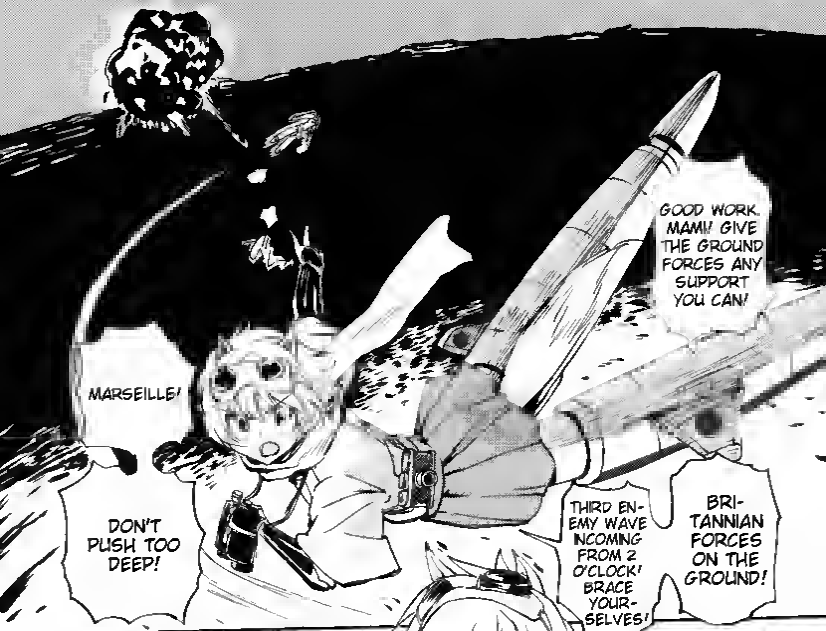
COM-
MANDER!
APPROACH-
ING FROM
ELEVEN
O'CLOCK!
FLYING
OBJECTS..
FLYING
GOBLETS!
T-THOSE
ARE...!!

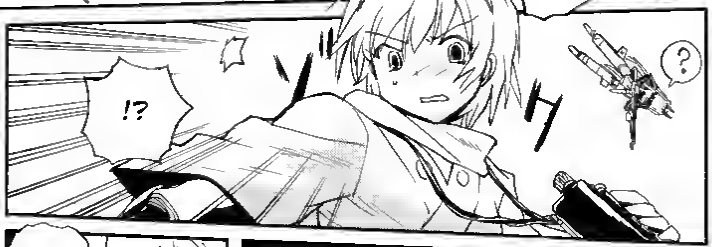
THA... THAT'S...!
THE STAR OF AFRICA, OBERLEUTNANT MARSEILLE!

ALALALA
ドカカッ
THE GREAT EAGLE
HAS SENT ME!

!?
IT'S AS POWERFUL AS AN 8.8 CM GUN!
THAT SLING...
WOW...
EVERY-ONE IS AMAZING!
THIS IS FROM OBLT. MAR-SEILLE!
MAJOR FRIEDERIKE PORSCHE?

じー
WE'RE FROM THE "JOINT FIGHTER WING AFRIKA"!
A STRIKER UNIT...!?
ニコ
!
KATOU TAI-I!
WE'RE HERE TO SUPPORT THE GROUND FORCES!
~~~!!
~~~


GOOD WORK, MAMI! GIVE THE GROUND FORCES ANY SUPPORT YOU CAN!
MARSEILLE!
DON'T PUSH TOO DEEP!
THIRD ENEMY WAVE INCOMING FROM 2 O'CLOCK! BRACE YOURSELVES!
BRITANNIAN FORCES ON THE GROUND!


!?
?

...THAT'S .....!

?
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, KAY?

ズ
ズ
ズ
ズ
WHA...
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS *THAT*!?
ズ.ズ.ズ
HEAVY SUPER-HEAVY NEURO!
IT'S USING THE HULL FROM A BATTLESHIP!
THIS IS GONNA BE A TOUGH ONE!

ガキン!
...TSK.
C COMPANY, AMMO CHECK!
I'M OUT!
REQUESTING RESUPPLY~
W-WHAT SHOULD I DO? I ONLY HAVE TWO ROUNDS LEFT!
TAI-I...!
I AM RUNNING LOW AS WELL
I CAN STILL FIGHT!
!?
...I'LL BET.
!?
MISSY?
WELL THEN, HOW ABOUT USING MY DAMN BALLS,

ROCK 'N' ROLL!
YEARRHH!
OKAY, PATTON GIRLS!
SORRY 'BOUT THE WAIT, COMRADES!
THE CAVALRY HAS ARRIVED!
YEE-HAW!
ARTILLERY FIRING FOR EFFECT!
!?
IMPACT IN THREE, TWO, ONE...
AH!
I AM CAPTAIN KAY FROM THE JOINT FIGHTER WING "AFRIKA". WHO ARE YOU?
JUST WHO'S IN COMMAND OF THOSE WITCHES!?
OH MY, HOW EXTRAVAGANT.
BLABO!
17

He remembered!
SIR! IT'S AN HONOR!
HEY THERE, MISS CHARLOTTE!
RE-MEMBER ME?
JUST CALL ME GEORGE!
I'VE GOT SO MUCH I COULD OPEN A STORE!
AND DID I HEAR YOU ALL WERE OUT OF AMMO?
LIBERIAN II CORPS COMMANDER,
GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON!
SO YOU MUST BE THAT EX-PHOTO-GRAPHER WITCH!
MY APOLOGIES FOR MISSING YOU THAT OTHER DAY!
MONTY MADE ME JOIN HIM FOR HIS GODDAMN AFTERNOON TEA!

ガシャッ

YAHHA!
THE STAR OF AFRICA'S EIGHTEENTH "ASS LOAD"!!
First time I ever saw that
THERE IT IS!!
GET YOUR OWN ASSES N GEAR, YOU BASTARDS!
GOTTA TELL ALL OF MY BUDDIES BACK IN ALA-BAMA!
MOVE, MOVE, MOVE!
LIBERIANS SURE ARE A LIVELY BUNCH, HUH?

HURRY UP WITH THE AMMO!
MEDIC, TAKE CARE OF HER
WHOA!
SCHMIDT.... I....
FRIEDE-RIKE, JUST STAY HERE WITH THEM
I'VE GOT A PLAN!
SCHMIDT? WHAT ARE YOU—
I LOVE YOU, FRIEDE-RIKE!
SCH-
SCHMIDT!?

ALL UNITS!
FOCUS YOUR FIRE ON ONE SPOT!
CHARLOTTE, BREAK THROUGH THERE!
JA-WOHL!
THERE IT IS! THE CORE
...NO.
THE 8.8 WON'T CUT IT!
WITH THE ACHT-ACHT AT POINT BLANK RANGE...!

KYAH!
EH!?
HEY!
THAT WAS DANGER-OUS!
AND IT'S ONLY GOING TO GET MORE DANGEROUS
ENTSCHUL-DIGUNG!
BUT IT'S A MAN'S JOB FROM HERE ON OUT!

BEGIN OVERLOAD SEQUENCE!
MA-GISCHER MOTOR,
IT'S... IT'S GONNA BLOW!!
THE MAGIC ENERGY IS GOING OUT OF CONTROL!
ALL UNITS... FALL BACK!

CHAR-
LOTTE,
LET ME TELL YOU,
WHY I CAN KEEP ON FIGHTING!
HAUPT-
MANN!
HAUPT-
MANN SCHMIDT!
SO LONG AS
IT'S FOR MY WITCH,
I'LL RISK LIFE AND LIMB
MY LIFE
IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY
IF IT'S FOR MY BELOVED WITCH!

SCHMIDT!
...FRIEDE-RIKE!?
!?

NEEEIIINN!!

FRAULEIN FRIEDE-RIKE...
HAUPT-MANN SCHMIDT...
EVERYONE CLOSE TO ME...
THE PEOPLE MOST IM-PORTANT TO ME... ARE ALL GONE AGAIN...
.....AH!!

I ONCE HEARD A STORY

'BOUT A KARLSLAND-ER TANK HUNTER STRIKE WITCH
WHO DESCENDED TO THE GROUND TO CHASE AFTER A MAN.
IT WAS SUCH A ROMANTIC STORY...
AND ALL THE WITCHES ENVIED...
HER...!?

I LOVE YOU!
MY WITCH!
WOW!

HOW BEAUTIFUL...
I WONDER IF WE CAN EVER FALL IN LOVE LIKE THAT...
...!
OF COURSE WE CAN!

BECAUSE...
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR!

.....
BETTER GO TELL MONTY NOW!
NOW THIS IS WHAT "HUMANITY'S STRUGGLE" REALLY IS!

END

STRIKE WITCHES

砂漠の虎

Tiger in Desert

vol.2

＜奥付＞

SHIMADA FUMIKANE ,SUZUKI TAKAAKI,NOGAMI TAKESHI

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED 2009

発行日 2009年08月16日　初版発行

発行責任者　野上武志
連絡先　info@firstspear.com
印刷　共信印刷株式会社

ご意見，ご感想をお寄せください。
http://www.ne.jp/asahi/humikane/e-wacs/
http://www.firstspear.com
http://yamihan.air-nifty.com/blog/

印刷　共信印刷株式会社

この物語はフィクションです。
実存の人物・団体名とは一切関係はございません。

本書は日本国の著作権法及びベルヌ条約などの国際条約により、著作権の保護を受けています。
本書の一部あるいは全部について、著者からの文書での許諾を得ないいかなる方法によっても無断で複写・複製することは禁じられております。
ただし、日本国著作権法第32条【著作権の制限】に定められた場合を除きます。
もし違反が確認された場合は法的手続きをとらせていただきます。

当刊行物の無断複製・放送・映・ネットにアップロード等の行為を禁止します。
尚、当刊行物を複製した画像情報を不特定多数に公衆できるコンピューターネットワークへのアップロードを固く禁じます。
当方以外による翻訳についても当方は一切関知致しません。

尚、この文言を削除する事では無断転載・翻訳の違法性は一切解消されません。

This book has received the protection of copyright with international treaty such as the Copyright Act and Verne treaty of Japan
It is prohibited that with no permission it reproduces & duplicates portion of this book or entirely concerning, with whatever method of not obtaining the permission in the document from the author.
However, the Japan Copyright Act 32nd provision < Restriction of copyright > the case where it is decided is excluded.
When violation was verified, you take legal procedure.
No unauthorized reproduction, broadcasting, nor displaying will not be tolerated. Furthermore, the uploading of images taken from this publication to any publicly accessible computer network service is strictly prohibited.
Any translation of this publication conducted by parties not expressively given permission by the authors is not sanctioned and we disavow any association with said unauthorized translations.
Furthermore, the elimination of this clause from any scanned reproduction of this publication does not in any way or form lessen the illegality of the unauthorized reproduction and / or translation.

TOTAL COMIC COLLECTION
#WOOZLE @ RIZON

え――
Right--
宴もたけなわでございますので
With this party in full swing--
この私「砂漠のシェヘラザード」マルセイユが――
Now I, Marseille the *Scheherazade* of North Africa
カールスラント魔女達憧れの伝説
--Shall tell you a legendary tale that captivated Karlsland witches' hearts
とある地上攻撃魔女が男を追いかけて地上に降りた話をしてやろう
Consider yourself privileged to enjoy my tale of how a ground attack witch left the skies to get her man!
ブーフ
PH'VVVVT
Hey!?
まだずいぶんと酒臭いシェヘラザード
I don't recall Scheherazade being so drunk during her storytelling
ちょっとケイ！あの不良少女止めてよ！
Kei, you've got to stop her! I don't believe that delinquent!
実は私も
Actually Frederica--
その話興味あるのよ♥
--I'm rather interested in this myself.
ぐぬぬ
Urrgh!

そして彼女（シェヘラザード）は語りだす――

And thus Scheherazade started to weave her tale...

私は
かつて
半人前だった
何故
そうだったの
かというと――

Back in those days, I was nothing but a rookie.

こちら
ミハイル・
シュミット
軍曹

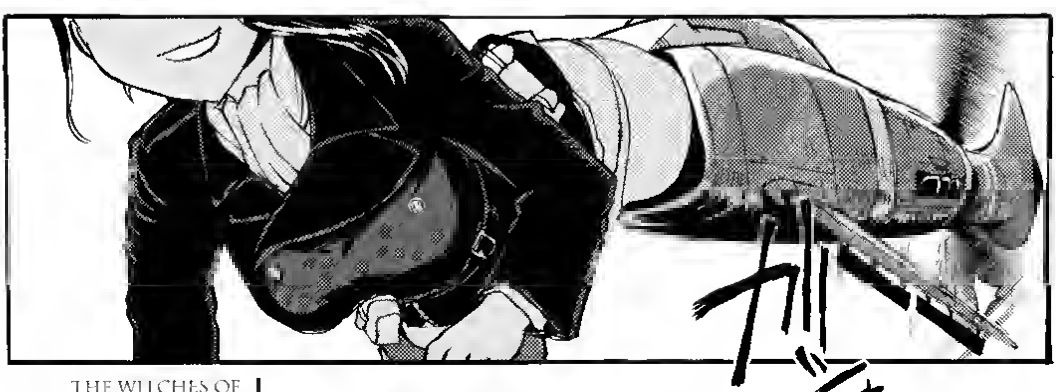
This is Sergeant Michael Schmitt

陸上型
ネウロイ
中型だ

I've encountered a mid sized land based Neuroi

誰も
手を出すな
オレの獲物だ！

Leave this one to me. I'll take this guy down!



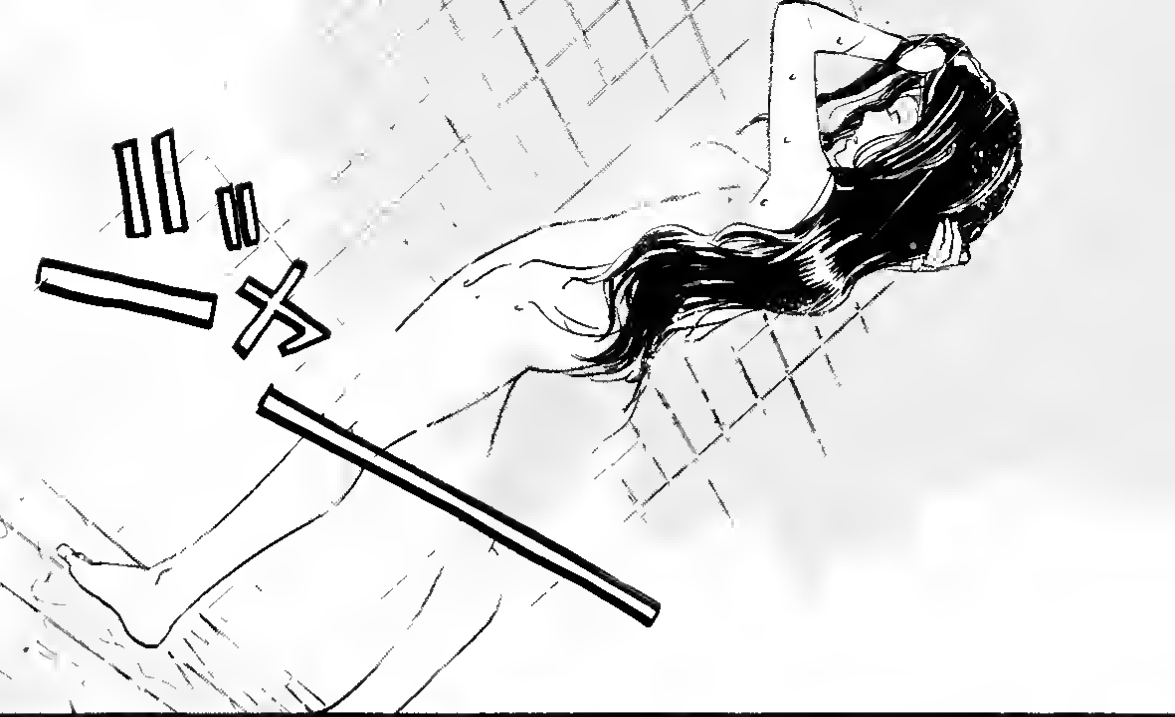
スツーカの魔女
THE WITCH OF STUKA

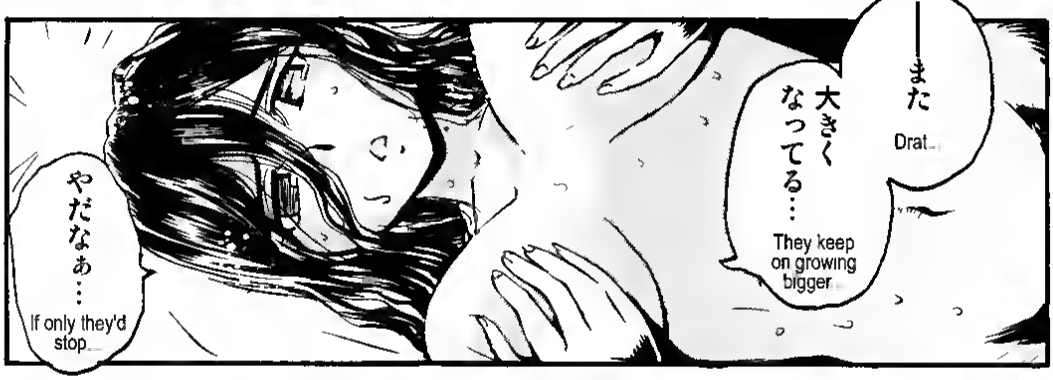
自分の為に戦っていたからだ――
--For I was fighting only for my own sake.

スツーカの
サイレン音
またあいつか
Stuka siren!
Not her again!
味方だぞ
シュミット！
But she's
on our
side,
Schmitt!
俺に
とっては
Hell no!
味方な
もんか!!
Not for me!

あはは あの戦車兵 手振ってる♥
Haha-- Look at that tanker wave at me
よっぽど 嬉しかった のね！
He must be ecstatic!
また俺の 獲物 横取り しやがって
I've had enough of this You keep taking away my kills!
この――
You damn
おっぱい 魔女！
--Big boobed witch!
な……！
Wha...
なんで すって――!?
What on Earth!?
あの戦車兵 殺す！
Why I'll blow that tanker to bits!
フレデリカ！
Frederica!
編隊に戻れ 帰投する！
Stay in formation We are returning to base!

フレデリカ ボルシェ 軍曹！
Feldwebel Frederica Porsche!
何度 言わせる？
How many times must I repeat myself?
隊列から 離れるなと あれほど——
I've issued strict orders for you to stay in formation!
お言葉ですが隊長
Ma'am, please allow me to speak frankly
私は 貴女を 超えたいんです
I aim to exceed your accomplishments, Ma'am!
私が 魔女で いられる うちに——
My days of service as a witch is limited
地上攻撃魔女 エース
And before it ends, I wish to beat
ルーデルを！ 超えたいんす！
--The greatest ace witch of ground attack, Hannah Rudel You ma'am!
——なら フレデリカ
Well then Frederica
自分の為ではなく 誰かの為に 戦ってみろ！
Fight not for your own sake, but for someone else's!
それさえ 出来れば——
If you can manage that
お前は 私を 超えるはずだ フレデリカ ボルシェ 軍曹
--You'll be sure to beat me, Feldwebel Frederica Porsche
了解 ヤボール
Jawohl,
隊長殿 フラウ・コマンダント
Frau Staffel-Kommandant




——また
Drat...
大きくなってる…
They keep on growing bigger
やだなぁ…
If only they'd stop...

魔女の力は少女達のもの
Only girls weld magical energy
魔女は成長しきれば——
Once a witch matures into adulthood...
ただの女になる——
She turns into an ordinary woman.

空を飛ぶのは楽しかった
I loved to fly
出撃！
Begin strike mission!
大空を自在に駆け巡るのは他に比する無き快感だった
Nothing could match how exhilarating it felt to fly about freely in the vast open skies
英雄ルーデルを隊長として
Commanded by Rudel the war hero
ネウロイを狩るワルキューレの乙女達
We were young maiden Valkyries on the hunt for Neuroi
2時方向下方——フレデリカ見ろ！
Look down, 2 o'clock below
Frederica!
避難民の群れだ
A column of refugees

避難民は見たくなかった
It was painful to see all the refugees
それは自分達が負けつつあるという証左だから
It was proof we were losing the war
フレデリカ分かるか
Get this through your head, Frederica
あの人たちを守るのが我々の目的だ——
Our duty is to protect those down below
A…！
上空の魔女応答してくれ来援求ム！
Airborne witches, please respond We need immediate assistance!
フレデリカ行って来い！
Go help them out, Frederica!
どんな任務でもこなすのが魔女だ
A real witch can handle any mission she encounters
了解隊長！
Roger that, commander!

！
あーっ
あんたは
あの時の
ミハイル・
シュミット
Hey wait a minute!
I know you!
You're that rude tanker
Michael Schmitt!
そういう
お前は
おっぱい魔女
And you're the
big boobed
witch
どこ
見てんのよ
スケベ！
Quit staring at me
like that, you
letch!
ご…
ゴカイだ！
Hey, no
I'm no letch!
そんな
事より——
Listen, I need
your help.
なによ
この子ども
は——！
Why on Earth are
you pushing these
children on me!?
ネウロイの
瘴気がくる
Neuroi's miasma
is coming
子どもは
瘴気に
弱いんだ！
Miasma can easily
harm children!
ミハイルは
どうするの
What about you,
Michael?
僕は
避難民を
回収しつつ——
後方へ向かう
I will retreat
as I gather
refugees
on the way
無茶よ
あんたまで
巻き込まれる
わよ!?
That's lunacy
The bad air will
get you in no time!

無茶でも何でも——
I don't care.
みんな……を守る！
Protecting people is what I do.
これが僕の役目だ
That's my job.
ドキ
！
このお人よし！
What a softy!
さあエンジン始動
Okay, start the engine.
ブブブ
みんなを連れて帰るぞ
It's time we all head home together.
自分の安全ぐらい考えなさいよ
Have the common sense to watch your back.
バカ！
--You jerk!

小さな子どもを抱いて飛びながら
All the while my arms held the children closely...
私はあいつの事が頭から離れなくなっていた
-My mind was preoccupied about him.
フレデリカよく戻った！
Fredenca! I'm glad you made it back!
もう駄目かと思ったぞ
I was worried about you
隊長…
Commander
撤退ですか？
Are we retreating?
そうだオーデル川西岸まで後退する
Yes, we're pulling back to the western banks of the Oder
……
—あいつは…シュミット軍曹の戦車は？
Wait! Where's Sergeant Schmitt's panzer?

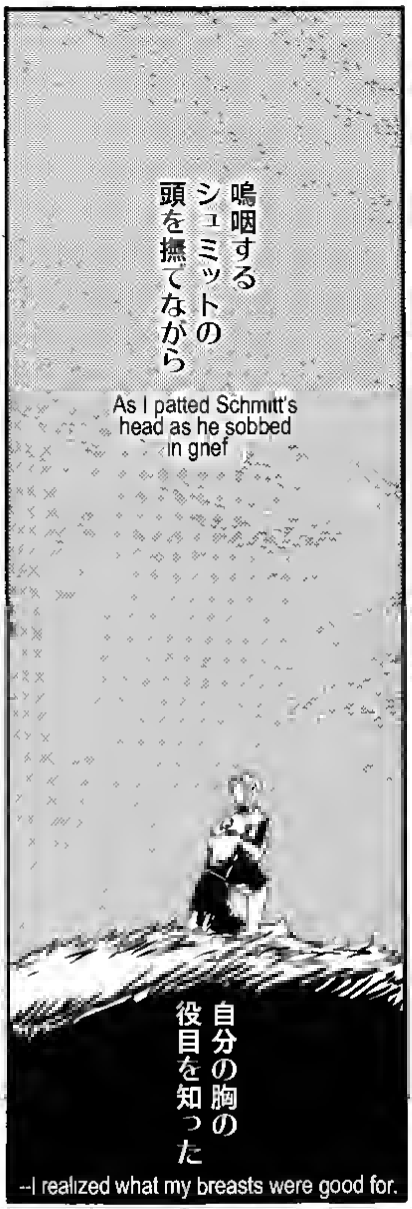
あの一帯は避難民の列にネウロイが突っ込んできて
That area experienced a rampage by Neuroi
Columns of refugees came under attack!
多分もう――
I doubt if anyone...
どこへ行くフレデリカ！
Fredenca! Where are you going!?
助けに行きます！まだ間に合うかも！
I'm going to go help them! It might not be too late!
何言っている飛んだ直後でお前の魔法はもう――
What are you talking about? Your magic power is depleted from that last flight
死にに行く気か？
Do you intend to die?
しかし…
But ma'am
戦車が――
A panzer made it back!
ミハイル・シュミットが戻ったぞ
It's Michael Schmitt He's back!

フレデリカ
Frederica

僕は自らを恥じる！
I'm so ashamed!

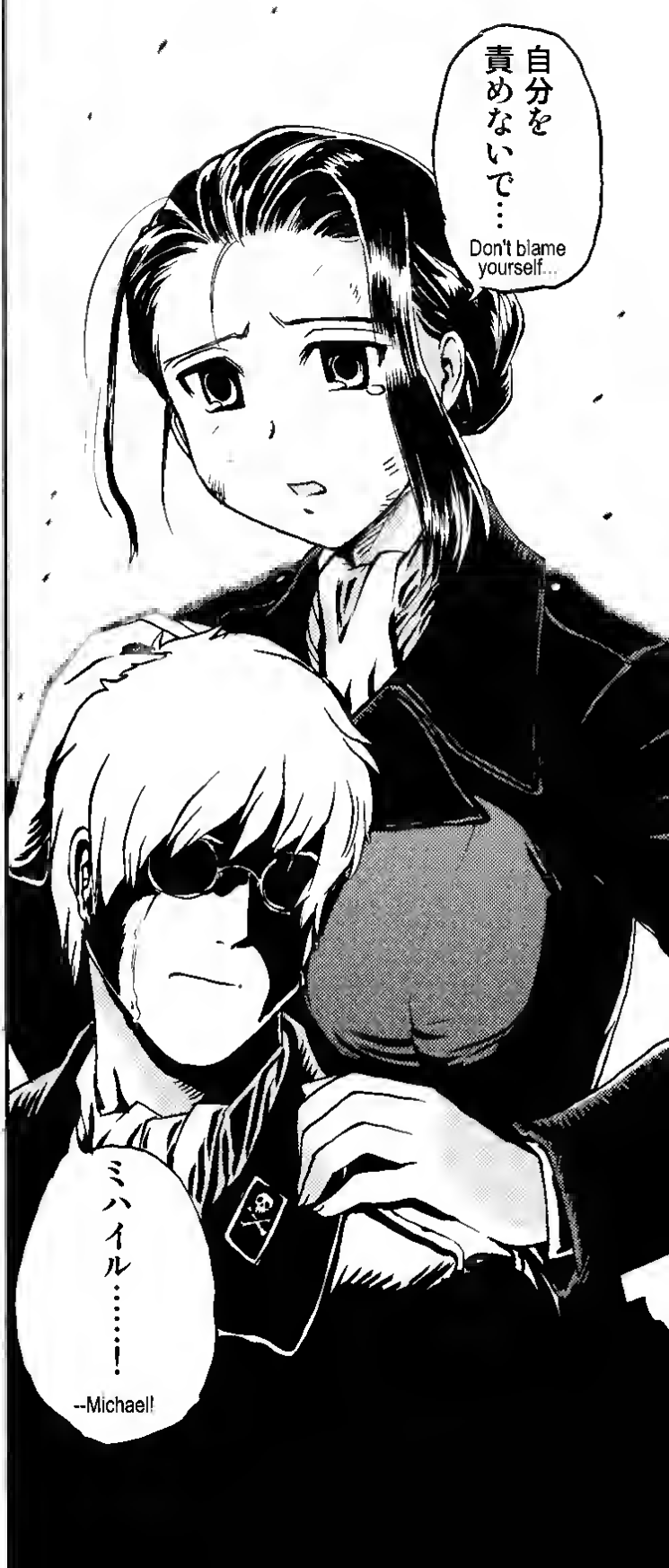
ミハイル…
Michael...

守りきれなかった
I couldn't protect them..
みんなを…!
I was there, but..!
僕は…
I..
無力だ…
I was powerless..
その時どうしてだかわからない——
I had no idea what came over me then..
ミハイル…
Michael...
だけどそうしなければ彼が壊れてしまうと思った
--But I was convinced he would fall apart if I didn't do something.



女の乳房は――
男が顔を
埋めて
泣くためにも
あるのだと

A women's bosom...
--Is there to let a man bury his face while he cried.

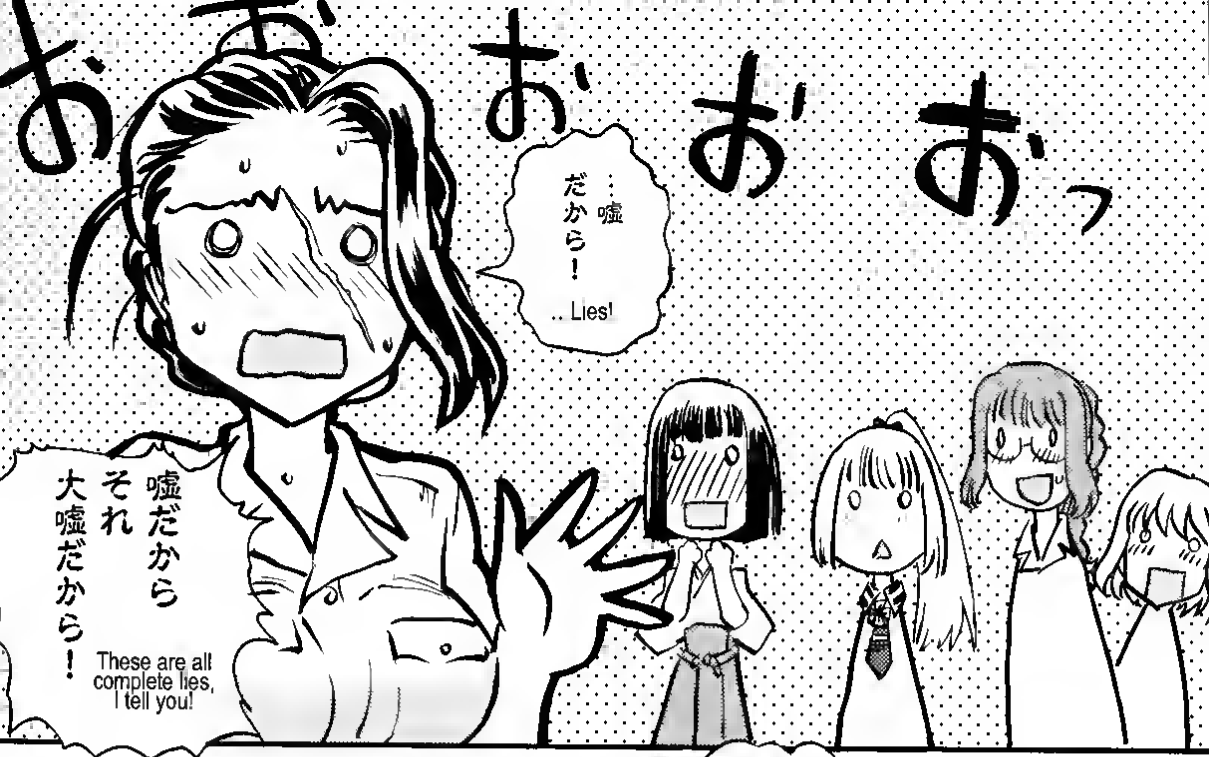


それからの私は
From then on,
少し変わった気がする
It felt like something inside me changed somewhat.
隊長！2時方向敵ネウロイ
Saffel-Kommandant! Neuroi boogies at 2 o'clock!
交戦許可を求む！
Request permission to engage!
了解フレデリカ行って来い！
Granted. Go get them, Frederica!
フレデリカ了解！
Frederica copy
続け！
Follow me!

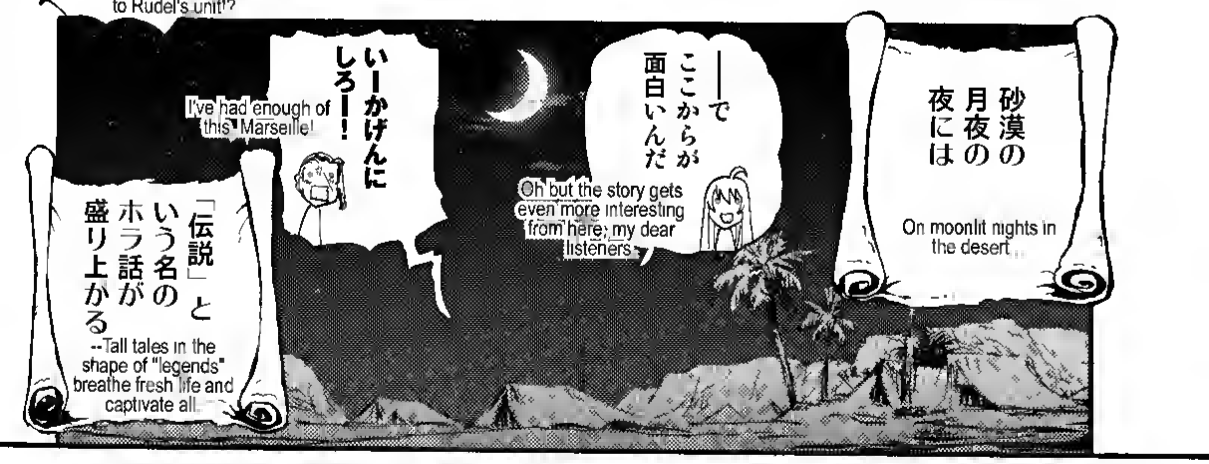
——誰かのために
Fighting for
フレデリカ！
Frederica!
戦うと
--someone else's sake.
いうことが——
And what that means.
だから！そーじゃねーって言ってんだろ！
Why would I say that!?
「ありがとうございますフレデリカ様」——でいいわよシュミット
Just say, "Thank you kindly Frau Frederica" and I'll be happy Schmitt.

お前なら私を超えるかもな
Maybe...
フレデリカ！
--You will be able to surpass me, Frederica!
ひっどーい！
Oh, you're impossible!
俺の獲物とるなーっ！
Stop taking away my kills!
あなた危なっかしくてほっとけないだけなんだから！
I'm only doing this because you're too reckless, that's all!
何い！
What!?
私はフレデリカ・ポルシェ
I am Frederica Porsche
地上攻撃魔女——
A ground attack witch
一人前の——
A veteran witch
恋する魔女だ
--In love

——そして砂漠のシェヘラザードは口をつぐみます
Alas, Scheherazade of North Africa will speak no more.
明日お話する話は今宵よりもっと心躍りましょう——
Tomorrow night, I shall fill you with even more excitement when I continue once again
HB
MUNCHEN


おおおっ
…嘘だから！
..Lies!
嘘だからそれ大嘘だから！
These are all complete lies, I tell you!

伝説は脚色されるものさ
A little exaggeration is a common staple in all legends
無茶苦茶でしょ！
Exaggeration!? You mean fabrication!!
なんで私あのルーデル隊にいる事になってんのよ！
How is it I'm attached to Rudel's unit!?


砂漠の月夜の夜には
On moonlit nights in the desert
——でここからが面白いんだ
Oh but the story gets even more interesting from here, my dear listeners
いーかげんにしろー！！
I've had enough of this, Marseille!
「伝説」という名のホラ話が盛り上がる
--Tall tales in the shape of "legends" breathe fresh life and captivate all.

フレデリカシュミットってそんなカッコよく無い
Really Fredenca, Schmitt couldn't be that dashing
かっこいいわよ？
I beg your pardon? He is dashing!
その辺くわしく！
I'd like to learn more about that

END

ストライクウィッチーズ
アフリカの魔女
The Witches of Africa

著者

原案　島田フミカネ
設定・原作　鈴木貴昭
漫画　野十武志
デザイン協力　松田未来
翻訳　兼光ダニエル真

Creative Credits:

Original Concept - Fumikane Shimada
Original Story and Setting - Takaaki Suzuki
Comic Book Adaptation - Takeshi Nogami
Production Design Cooperation - Miku Matsuda
Translation - Dan Kanemitsu

製作スタッフ

むらかわみちお
樹・
米蔵
白石がった
阿谷波平
海産物
長沢直江

Production Staff:

Murakawa Michio
KIICHI
YONEZOU
Siroisi Gatta
Namihei Aya
KAISANBUTU
Naoe Nagasawa

ストライクウィッチーズ アフリカの魔女

The Witches of Africa

〈目次〉

表紙　島田フミカネ
07　　漫画「アフリカの魔女」野上武志
52　　小説「アフリカの星」鈴木貴昭
67　ストライクウィッチーズこぼれ話
74　ゲストページ：松田未来
76　蒼海の世紀予告
78　奥付

AFRIKA
1941
1943
KARLSLANDSAFRIKAKORPS

アフリカの星
Der Stern von Afrika

Chapter 1 - Africa

Hot.

It's so hot that I won't stop sweating, even if I just stood around quietly. And if I move around, I'll only start sweating more.

Not only that, the sand around my feet is like a burning hell under the blazing sun. I feel like an egg in a frying pan, sunny-side-up.

This is Tobruk, a strategically important city in Africa. Ever since the time of the Roman Empire, it has been an influential colony in Cyrenaica, and a central meeting point for caravans. Even now, there is a fortress, the largest port in Cyrenaica, and even an airbase, so it is where the Afrikakorps of the Allied Human Forces has been stationed.

Although the city is situated 3000 km from the opening of the Mediterranean Sea at Gibraltar, the city is still easily supplied by the Principality of Venazia from the Isle of Crete not far from the coast. Because the Neuroi try to stay as far away from the shore as possible, it's relatively safe to resupply the forces stationed in Africa so long as a proper route is chosen.

However, the foremost defensive line against the Neuroi at Halfaya Pass is a mere 140 km away. A distance that a land battle type Neuroi, or even worse, an aerial type Neuroi, could cover in but a moment's time.

—

The Neuroi appeared out of nowhere in 1939, when they began a serious invasion against humanity. Their first troops came flying from near the Black Sea, emerging from the Neuroi hives floating in the air.

The European countries held out for as long as they could, but Ostmark, directly in the line of the invasion, was the first to fall. In winter of the same year, the invasion of Suomus in Northern Europe began, and by 1940, the entirety of the Karleländer forces were fighting grueling defensive battles along the former border of Ostmark.

Against the overwhelming power of the Neuroi invasion, the Karleländer forces faced defeat after defeat, and in June, Berlin fell to the Neuroi. The dogged determination of the Witches in holding back the Neuroi advance allowed the evacuation of the populace and the imperial family to the industrial capital of Neu Karleland in South Liberion to be carried out with some success. However, with the defeat of the strongest military force in Europe, the neighboring country of Gallia was like a candle before the wind.

Meanwhile, the Neuroi which headed south from the Black Sea arrived in Egypt in September 1940. The Britannian forces, fearing the loss of their communications

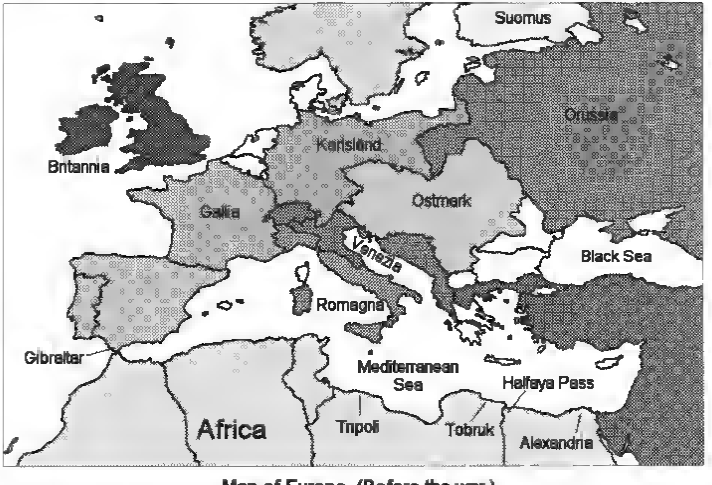
network to India, shored up their defenses, but with their main focus on the defense of Gallia, the Britannian forces were severely undermanned.

Unsurprisingly, Egypt soon fell to the invaders.

Some of the Karlsländer forces aiding in the retreat from Europe headed to the support of Britannia at their request and fell back to the south, crossing the Mediterranean Sea into Cyrenaica. At the same time, the Principality of Romagna dispatched military support as well, and the Allied Army known as the Afrikakorps was established.

On the seas, the main forces were provided by the Royal Navy of the Principality of Romagna and the Britannian Navy, with logistical support from far-off Liberion and Neu Karlsland on the New World. Even with additional manpower and supplies, humanity was barely able to force a deadlock on the situation. This was due in large part to the shortage of Witches. Most Britannian Witches, in particular Air Infantry, were reserved for the defense of the main Britannian Isles; only some Armored Ground Infantry were dispatched to Northern Africa.

Romagna and Venezia had their main forces in the Alps, where their combined forces were tasked to block off the Neuroi's advance to the south no matter what. The Fuso Empire also had most of its forces sent to aid Orussia in the Ural Mountains, but with the sudden appearance of a new wave of Neuroi in Siberia, they were fully engaged



Map of Europe. (Before the war.)

and could hardly maneuver. Only the European Expeditionary Fleet sent during the early stages of the Great War, and the Imperial Army Air Service European Expeditionary Force, were free to act in Europe. Karlsland was the only country which could send Air Infantry to the European mainland. However, they paid dearly for that ability, as the price was their own homeland.

Before I came here, I had heard news of a witch who was building up a brilliant service record in Africa. As a war correspondent, I had decided to publish her story for the rest of the world to know, so I had taken the long journey from the Fuso Empire here to Africa.

Departing from the port at Yokosuka, it was a month and a half long voyage to Britannia. Along the way, our ship ran headlong into a raging storm just past the Cape of Good Hope, during which I would not have been surprised at all if the ship had sunk any second. It would have been so much easier if the Suez Canal could still be used. Going that way, I could have shortened the trip by half a month.

When I arrived in Britannia, I tried to wait for another ship to Africa, but was told that I would have to wait another half a month.

With little other choice, I decided not to waste any time in Britannia, and found bits and pieces of all sorts of rumors. I even heard tales of the plans to assemble elite witches from countries around the world under a joint command. Well, I doubt it would be so easy. Every nation has their own opinions and plans, and it will most likely take some time for the various leaders and commanders to come to terms.

Of course, I had heard that a volunteer force assembled from several countries was currently active in Suomus.

Perhaps those rumors were pointing to an organization similar to that, hmm?

While I was collecting information, I was able to meet Witches from my own country, from both the Imperial Army and Imperial Navy.

On the Imperial Army side, I ran into Chuu-i Suwa Masuzu of Independent Air Squadron 47. I found that she had been deployed to Europe, and was also testing a prototype Striker unit, the Ki-60. The magic engine in the Ki-60 is the DB601A, an engine widely used in Karlsland. This may certainly be the most suitable engine to use in Europe.

She hed e demeanor so gentle she couldn't be identified as e soldier, e tender personality, and e delicate way of speaking. She talked to me happily about her two sisters, both of whom were witches as well. After using my trusty Leice II camera to take e photograph of her, she asked if I could send e copy to her sisters, but I would not be going back to Fuso for some time yet. I did make sure to let her know that I had no idee when thay would receive the photographs though.

Next, the Navy Witch I met was stationed with the near legendary Reval Air Group, Chuu-i Sakamoto Mio. She wes participating in the development of the Navy's mainstay Striker, the Type Zero Carrier Fightsr, when war broke out; the ace who scrambled in e prototype model to intercept the Neuroi.

She told me about how she was still fighting at Reval, while also helping with the development of new Strikers, which is why she would regularly bring her testing data to the research labs in Britannie. Since she was busy, we did not heve much of e conversation, but her cheerful laugh left e powerful impression on me. She wes e pleasant witch with e refreshingly frank personality, and e very caring attitude. I would heve welcomed the chance to speak with her at length.

Not long after I gathered all of this information, e ship that I could board to Africe hed finished preparations to depart. However, it was e ship so old, I couldn't help wondering if it would really be able to bring us all the way to Africe.

As if in answer to my thoughts, the ship mede port at Gibraltar for repairs. I took the opportunity to make my own inquiries into my destination, and bought the equipment I would need in the deserts of Africe. It would be too late to get everything I needed when I arrived.

Facing the heat and the blazing sun, and violent sand storms that could change the surroundings in an instant, I had to do everything I could to ensure that my skin was not exposed.

I purchased e scarf used by the nomeds there, and some military issue goggles, which covered me up nicely. Wrapped up like that, e person wouldn't be able to tell if I were e man or e woman from my appearance, though I suppose that might be best for me.

Even so, sand and dust could still manage to slip in from all over the place, and I expected to be swimming in sand soon enough. Honestly, it was one of the worst places to be.

My ship arrived at last, and covered in my gear, I was finally standing at the port in Tobruk. As for the ship, by the time it arrived, it was almost ready for the scrap heap. Unbelievable.

I had come all the way to Africa from the Fuso Empire for one purpose: to meet the legendary witch, the 'Star of Africa'.

She was an accomplished Witch serving here in Africa, who shone as bright as a star, or no, even the Sun. Oberleutnant Hanna-Justina Marseille. Commonly known by her callsign, 'Gelben 14', she was the staffelkapitän for 3 Staffel, Jagdgeschweder 27, of the Karlsländer Luftwaffe.

—

Chapter 2 - Romagnan Logistics Base

"Oberleutnant Marseille? Ah, that's right, though when I met her, she was still just a cadet. It seems in the early stages of the Great War, those Karlsänders often placed cadets in units that would see real action. I was the base commander of the base in Ghazala at the time, and one day Oberleutnant Marseille comes in after crash landing, telling me about how she would shoot down 50 Neuroi craft, and so I had to lend her a car to get back to her own base."

At first, I had come here to this well-built Romagnan general to get some information. Well, actually just to get permission to get information. But the general decided to start talking on his own, turning it into an interview all by himself.

Well, I thought it might be interesting, so no matter. He really had a lot to say too.

"Yes, I even lent her a driver, who was also ecstatic at getting her signature. Of course, I never expected that signature to be painted on the body of the car."

The general laughed heartily.

"Why don't you take a photograph of that car later? Even with Africa as big as it is, I'm the only general to have ridden in a car that Oberleutnant Marseille signed, you know. How about it? Amazing, isn't it? I know, I can scarcely believe that the cadet back then is now a splendid officer herself, and even the savior of Africa."

Somehow, he seemed extremely proud just for having met Marseille.

"Well, ever since the first time I laid eyes on her, I knew she would become a great person. If not, I would never have lent her that car, you know!"

I wonder about that.

After thanking the general, I went to take a photo of the car; the general insisted on being in the photo as well. Well, maybe I'll be able to sell it to a Romagnan newspaper or something.

Chapter 3 - Karlsländ

As I left the logistics base to go look for Marseille's base, I remembered something I heard from a former Karlsländer Luftwaffe acquaintance of mine, Oberleutnant Gundula Rall, when I paid her a visit in hospital, shortly before I came here.

"In our Karlsländer Luftwaffe, we always have to write up our combat reports in the most excruciating detail. Who witnessed the attack, whether it was a fellow pilot, whether a unit on the ground confirmed it, and then details of how the attack progressed, the enemy unit's type, model number, number and type of shots fired, armament on hand... we had to write all of that down.

Oberleutnant Rall gestured animatedly with her hands as she told me about the details. From all the movement, I could tell exactly how much trouble it must have been to write those reports.

"So, if you read those reports, you'd find that Marseille only used an average of about 15 rounds to take down small Neuroi units. A normal magazine for the MG34 holds 50 rounds. Even a saddle-type magazine only holds 75 rounds. A normal witch might fire all of that in just one burst. Marseille, though, she could take down five of them with a saddle-type. One time she went out with a 250-round case of ammunition, and came back with the new record of shooting down ten Neuroi in one go."

Rall continued her story, waving an imaginary machine gun she couldn't see herself as she made flying motions. She was so into the illusion that she even changed magazines at one point. Not being able to fly after being injured must have been hard on her.

"Those are truly astounding results. Normally just finding the core takes quite a few rounds, and after finding it, slamming magic bullets into the core takes even more rounds.

But Marseille would usually find and destroy the core, all in one attack. It almost makes you think that the Neuroi's core moves to where Marseille is shooting, you know."

Rall flashed a charming smile as she continued. There was no telling how hard it might be to find the core, but in rare cases some witches had special abilities that could locate a core. Marseille had no such ability, but with her sharp eyesight, she could still find a core just from one look at the enemy.

"At this point, I'll bet there isn't a single witch near Marseille's level. She's a magnificent Witch, both in operating a Striker unit, and in marksmanship. Especially the latter, there's no doubt she's the best in Karlsland, or no, even among the entire Allied Human Forces."

A grimace appeared on Rall's face as she finished, perhaps in pain because of her spine injury, or because she wanted to recover and return to the battlefield as soon as possible.

Wishing Oberleutnant Rall a speedy recovery, I headed towards Africa.

Chapter 4 - Onward to the Base

Oberleutnant Rall's words played across my mind as I walked, and before I knew it, I was on the outskirts of Tobruk Fortress. Oberleutnant Marseille and her squadron were not far now.

I looked across the desert, and saw a lone Witch alight from a car, and begin walking this way. She was wearing a Karlslander Luftwaffe uniform. Could she be a member of Marseille's squadron?

When I asked her, she told me that she was in fact Marseille's wingman. What a stroke of luck.

I most definitely wanted to talk to her.

I gathered my journalistic composure, ready to find out how the people around Marseille thought of her, and anything else I might find out, with the end goal of meeting Marseille herself.

The girl's name was Liese Pöttgen, a leutnant. She was still a young and playful girl, recently graduated from Officer Cadet School by my guess.

"Tine? Yeah, it can be really hard to stay on her tail sometimes."

When I asked who Tine was, she told me it was Oberleutnant Marseille's pet name. Most likely because of the Tine in Justine.

"Tine doesn't fight the way the rest of us think is normal, you see. Normally, we go at full speed when we're flying. But she'll reduce her throttle almost to the point where the engine stalls, and she'll even lower her landing gear to increase air resistence, all in order to get the tightest turning radius possible."

Lt. Liese showed me what she meant by imitating Marseille with her hands. It was much easier to see how Marseille flew with her practical example. It wasn't something that could be put into words.

"She doesn't try to hit-and-run, but instead outmaneuvers her target in a battle of position. She'll get close to her target, then lower her own altitude to aim at the Neuroi from behind and under it. After all, a lot of small Neuroi craft have their core around their abdomen."

She held her left hand up, representing the Neuroi in front, then twisted her right hand in a sharp turning dive ending up behind the left. Then, she hit her left hand with her right.

"That's how she always takes down those Neuroi with just one burst. After that, she'll push her throttle to the max again, and charge right through the enemy formation looking for her next prey. The way she fights makes her look like an air battle calculator or something."

Lt. Liese explained the details of Marseille's tactics, a smile on her face the entire time. However, a wingman often had the tough job of confirming whether and where the Neuroi was shot down, all while following the lead pilot to drive off any approaching enemies, and keeping an eye on how the situation was developing. It probably was not a simple task to follow Marseille's lead, considering all the acrobatic maneuvering I was just told about.

Not to mention the sheer number of kills her wingman must have to confirm.

I asked what she thought about her own role as Marseille's wingman, and she beamed a wide smile.

"You have no idea how hard it is just to keep up with her. But you know, jobs as wonderful as flying with the world's top ace and protecting her back are really rare.

And besides, I'm one of her fans. For all of us, everyone here in Africa, she's our idol, our star of hope. To be alone in the wide sky together with her, a position that wonderful is something anyone in the world would yearn for. Even if I were told that I could be relieved, I would definitely refuse."

I could see what she meant. It was a mission where the joys outweighed the hardships.

Even work as hard as being her wingman was enjoyable for her. I wanted to meet Oberleutnant. Marseille more than ever now.

Saying she had to go take care of business to take care of in Tobruk, I took several photographs of Lt. Liese, and continued heading towards the base. After having heard so many stories about Marseille, I wanted to meet her as soon as possible, and I naturally began walking faster.

The Witches' base was on a hill slightly removed from Tobruk. The barracks for the members seemed to be in a valley nearby. As I headed there, I saw several signposts dotted about the road. Every single one of them was mounted on the sparse vegetation around the base, nailed to trees, or hanging off of shrubs; they were attached in all sorts of ways, but every one of them pointed in one direction.

As I walked up to one of them to take a closer look, I saw a simple message written there. "The World's Best Fighter Squadron." That told me all I needed to know about the team's morale.

Then, I noticed one signpost that was especially large. A long pillar, with several arrow-shaped signposts pointing in every direction attached to it.

Tripoli - 200 km. Alexandria - 600 km. Berlin - 2400 km. London 3000 km... and the last sign, which I read out, unthinkingly.

"Tokyo - 10000 km."

I see, so other people from Fuso have been here as well. It might be 10000 km away in a straight line, but in actual fact it took many times that going by sea. It could have been a bit shorter if the Suez Canal could still be used, but that area was firmly under Neuroi control.

Chapter 5 - The Britannian Soldier

As I was looking at the signpost, e car's horn suddenly blarsd out from behind me. I turned around, and saw an idling Morris truck with Britannian Eighth Army markings. The Eighth Army, eh? Must be one of those Desert Rats tasked with holding the African front.

"Heading to the Marseille squadron? Would you like e lift?"

I climbed into the passenger seat gratefully.

The driver was e lance corporal in the Britannian Army. When I told him I wes e war correspondent from Fuso, he immediately esked if I could take his picture as well. I took out my Leice II and snapped e photo of him smiling, hands on the steering wheel. Wherever I go, everyone wants to get their photo taken. Well, I brought plenty of film, so it didn't matter. I just had to be careful of the heat.

The photo captured the image of e boy who had only just become e young man, with e laugh free of any worries. He told me how he idolized the Witch squedron when I asked. When the subject moved on to Marseille, his smile widened.

"Oh, Oberleutnant Marseille, she's e stunner, isn't she. Slim and tall, long legs like e model, that long white hair, and beautiful eyes as blue as the Mediterranean. She's that gorgeous, and on top of that is the top ace here in Africe, she's like e dream."

His expression looked like he was talking about e goddess he idolized. Perhaps that's what everyone did.

"Yes, of course. There ars less than 30 Witches here in Africe, and you can count the number of air infantry among them on one hand. And yet, she protects the sky above every region of Africe."

When I asked him what he would do if one of the Witches was in an accident, he geve e very spirited reply.

"None of them, especially Oberleutnant Marseille, would ever get shot down! But, if for some reeson that happened, all 12000 Britannian soldiers here in Tobruk would move out immediately to rescue them! Not just those in combat posts either, but even every last cook and cleaner! Even if it were deep in enemy territory in Alexandrie, we would charge right in without any hesitation, and definitely rescue our ladies!"

He spoke with such force that he even let go of the steering wheel. Although there wasn't much of a problem considering how straight the desert road was, without any opposing traffic, I still broke out in a cold sweat for a second. When I pointed that out to him, he immediately faced the front again and gripped the steering wheel, flustered. But even facing the front, he continued on.

I asked if he had ever thought of dating any of the witches, but he promptly refuted that.

"Since they're our, well, the saviors of the entire world. A regular enlisted soldier like me would never make a good match for one of them. That's just too far-fetched to ever hope for. I'm happy enough just catching a glimpse of them every now and then."

Is that so.

I've been to war zones all over the world, and asked the same question to all kinds of soldiers and officers, but I get the same answer no matter where I am.

Witches were scarce. They were the only ones fighting on the very front lines, holding back the enemy invasion.

However, here in Africa and on the Eastern Front, empty plains stretched all the way to the horizon. Under the right conditions, any enemy could be detected and engaged from far off.

The renowned Acht-acht, Karlsland's premier 88 mm anti-aircraft gun, could fire on a horizontal trajectory up to 10,600 meters, and could hit an enemy unit from several kilometers away. It was not out of the realm of possibility for it destroy small land-based Neuroi. With luck and skill, an 88 could destroy an enemy beyond its firing range, before any risk of counterattack.

That's why Africa was one of places where male forces were still continuing the resistance. Perhaps that was another reason why there were so few witches supporting this battle.

Men like this Britannian soldier were fighting on the front, and together with the help of the Witches, they were defending the world together.

The youth interrupted my thoughts.

"Look, it's right over there."

I turned to look where he was pointing, and in between two hills, I could see several canvas tents.

"Right in the middle, that biggest tent, that's Oberleutnant Marseille's."

I jokingly asked if he could bring me all the way, but apparently without permission, male soldiers were forbidden to head along that road.

I had a special press permit, but it was unfortunate for him. I promised I would develop an extra set of photos for him once I got the chance, and he brightened again. Of course, he wanted Oberleutnant Marseille's photo.

Well, I suppose that was understandable.

Smiling, I jumped down from the truck. I waved back at the driver, and headed towards the tents.

Chapter 6 - Marseille

As I approached the tent that was pointed out, I saw that there was someone standing outside.

A tall and dark figure.

Getting closer, she appeared to be an armored ground infantryman, equipped with an armored Striker. It was rare to see black witches. She was the first one I ever saw.

"Halt."

The armored infantryman pointed her gun at me. It was even larger than the guns other armored infantryman usually carried. Rather than a gun, it would probably be called a cannon instead.

If anyone were hit with that, they'd be torn to shreds. Or actually, be blown away without a single trace remaining.

"Your permit."

I took out my press pass and base permit, and showed them to her. She scrutinized the documents, then stepped halfway into the tent and spoke to someone inside.

"Come in."

Seems like whatever she said worked. The guard turned towards me again, and pointed inside the tent. Bowing e bit, I entered the tent.

"Welcome to my palace."

Heving come from the dazzling sunlight outside, and suddenly entering the dim interior of the tent, I could hardly see e thing. I stood in place for several seconds, and at last my eyes got accustomed to the dark. I took e look around at my surroundings, and found e

magnificently furnished room, which almost looked like it had been airlifted straight from Paris.

The walls were just the canvas drapes of the tent, but there were several sandbags normally used to block small arms fire piled about like sofas, hiding the canvas walls. There were also several ammunition cases and parts boxes placed as tables and chairs. Most surprisingly, at the very back, there was even e simply-made bar and counter top.

It looked just like e café in Montmartre.

Finally, at the back of the room e beautiful woman was seated and looking at me, e wide smile on her face.

"I've heard you would like an interview. You've come e long way, all the way to the end of the world."

She was tall, with long, white hair, and long legs. Oberleutnant Marseille, whom I had heard so much about.

She looked just like I had imagined from the rumors.

Prouder than anyone, more cheerful than anyone, overflowing with more zeal and life than anyone, more romantic than anyone. She was a witch like no other, a heroine straight from an adventure story, or a star in a movie.

Although she called this the end of the world, Fuso could also be said to be at the end of the world, compared to Europe. When I told her this, she laughed loudly.

"Indeed, Fuso is extremely far from Europe. However, Fuso is a civilized country as well, no? Compare it to this desert, where not even the faintest trace of civilization can be found. Even the glory of ancient Rome disappeared within the vast expanse of this never-ending sand. And now, even the few nomads originally living here have been frightened off by the Neuroi, running away to lands far off. This place is the true end of the world."

So that's what her reasoning was.

"Ah, in any case, would you care for a drink?"

She called to the outside of the tent, asking the giant ground infantry witch there to come in.

"Let me introduce you. This is my orderly, Matilde. She is from Transvaal, and came to serve me here as my orderly, never having once laid eyes on me, because 'God told me to go to your side.'"

Transvaal was an area at the south end of Africa. It was quite a journey to come from that far away.

"The god her people believe in takes the form of an eagle, flying in the north. 'Serve her,' is essentially what she was told to do."

At that moment, Matilde joined the conversation.

"Eagles are the servants of our God. One day, God took to the sky as an eagle. Soon, it led me here, flying here before my very eyes."

Marseille smiled softly as she listened to Matilda's story.

"And I am grateful that you are here, Matilda. However, I no longer need your protection today, so make me a dry martini."

Matilda took off her simple armored Striker, and headed behind the counter of the bar.

"What would you like today?"

"Ah, how about a Monty?"

"Understood."

I watched as Matilda quickly took out several bottles, the nimbleness of her movements contrasting with her large body. Would even the best bars in Paris heve as wide a selection of alcohol as what was here?

"How about you? Don't tell my you won't join me, now."

I asked for whatever she was heving. I had to ask what a Monty was though.

"Ah, Monty is a Britannian general, who recently took up duties here in Africa. He is in command of the Eighth Army."

"And why was it also the name of a cocktail?"

"Well, it's done, so why don't you take a drink first?"

She handed me my glass, which had a small olive. I took a small sip, and could tell immediately that it was much stronger than a normal martini. The ratio of gin was obviously extremely high.

"That's right, the ratio between gin and Vermouth is 15 to 1. And as for Monty, without a 15 to 1 ratio between our strength and the enemy, he will never attack."

So that's why it was called a Monty. But it should be quite difficult to heve 15 times the force of the Neuroi.

"Why, of course. Which is why we heve not attacked even a single time."

It seemed to be an oft-repeated joke on base. Perhaps it was just the troops joking at the caution of the brass, or maybe it was actually true.

There was none of the grimness here that could be seen on most battlefields.

Even my own homeland of Fuso was engaged in heavy fighting, not only through the European Expeditionary Fleet, but also in Siberia where the Neuroi suddenly appearsd. I had been covering the war there before I came here to Africa, but because there was a very real threat that our own homeland would be attacked, the troops there had been much more somber.

Then, there was the Eastern Front.

As part of the counter-offensive to retake Karlsland, a massive invasion from the North known as Operation Barbarossa was being carried out. However, hard battles were still being fought all over the front, and the number of severely wounded witches like Oberleutnant Rall was increasing all the time.

The campaign was moving one step forward, one step back. Or maybe one step forward, three steps back, so to speak. The recent start of earnest support from Liberion was likely a welcome boon to the troops there.

Nevertheless, by no means was the war here in Africa decided. Just holding the current front was all the troops could do, let alone attacking.

I suppose that would mean that it was all just a part of Marseille's natural cheer.

With that thought in mind, I continued with the interview.

Finally, after an entire night of talking, I had heard all manner of talk from Marseille. Each time we got into one topic, that would bring up something else to talk about. Just talking about the birth of this great ace, how she came to this country and began fighting was enough to write an entire book.

For many aces, or actually not just aces, but for every single last person fighting, there ars similar kinds of drama in their lives.

And furthermore, in the hearts of every person here was the desire to protect this world, and protect their loved ones. So long as we remembered that, this desert could also be seen as part of our beautiful world.

Before we parted for the night, Marseille handed me a small shovel, in case I needed to relieve myself.

"Go out from the tent, and walk directly forward 50 paces. Turn 90 degrees to the right, walk another 20 paces, and use this shovel."

Of course, it was night so no one was around to see, so I did as she said. I don't know if there were any witches around that could see even on a night like that though.

However, I never thought that I'd find a naw signpost the next morning. In front of the tent, there was a small sign with the words "Forward 50 paces, right 20 paces" sticking out from the sand.

I followed the directions, and saw another message on a sign, together with an arrow pointing down.

"Hailing from a distant land 10,000 km away, our comrade from Fuso dealt with the call of nature here."

Taking a look around the arsa, I saw numerous other signs with similar messages. Obviously, that was when I realized I had been made the butt of one of her jokes.

Chapter 7 - Glory's Afterglow

The next morning, September 1st, we headed off to watch as Oberleutnant Marseille flaw a sortie. I spotted her putting on her favorite Striker, the Bf109F4/TrOP, next to some trucks at the side of the airstrip cutting through the desert.

The F4/TrOP, with a higher maximum speed and better dogfighting capabilities comparsd to the E model, could undertake particularly challenging acrobatic maneuvers. It was also equipped with an air filter for use in the tropics.

Marseille had told me earlier that it was precisely because of the extreme maneuver -ability of this Striker that she liked it. Other Strikers would always move in small but unexpected ways, but the F4/TrOP would move exactly the way she wanted.

There was little change in the weather here in northern Africa as the first signs of autumn

crept up on summer. It was just as clear today as it was yesterday.

Even though it wes still so early in the moming, the sun was alreedy blazing hot, hot enough to feel my skin buming. A comfortingly cool breaze blew over from the seaside.

Marseille drained e large bottle of milk as if it were just another day, and handed the empty bottle down to Matilde. Then, she took off the sunglasses she typically wore to protect her ayes from the intense sunlight.

Milk and sunglasses, two things that one could not do without in Africe. I've even heard that thay raise good milk cows near the bese specifically for their milk.

Finished with her preparations, Marseille slung e large ammunition case behind her back and picked up her MG34. Supposedly, the gun was specially modified with improved cooling for use in desert climates, but I couldn't see much of e difference from the appearance.

Nearby, mechanics bustled all over, making lest minute preparations for the flight. Marseille, gestured with her left hand, and e mechanic started the air pump for the magic engine. The engine revved up into life, and e piercing whine flooded the arse.

As the tachometer reading increased, e technician displayed the count on his fingers for Marseille to see. The air cut indicator flashed at 3000 RPM. The technicians immediately detached the electric supply cable and air hose, and pushed eway the frame supporting Marseille at the waist.

A white flag was weved at the far end of the airstrip - permission to take off.

Marseille began to slowly approach the runway.

"Why don't you come visit me when I get back?"

I stared at Marseille as I tried to think of what she could want from me. However, with one last smile in my direction, she roarsd down the runway and into the sky.

Following right behind her was, of course, Leutnant Liese. She took off weving happily in our direction.

It sure is e lot of effort just to go on e sortie here in Africe, where lift-off propulsion systems arsn't used.

Marseille's long hair trailed out behind her like a airplane vapor trail, and even like a powerful eagle, flying upward higher and higher into the sky.

Long ago, I also aspired to fly through the skies like Marseille. Equipping a Striker unit, and heading to a different world, higher than anyone, faster than anyone. But, that world is closed to me now. I no longer had what it took to fly through those strife-filled skies.

"Are you alright?"

Matilda asked from beside me. I must heve been crying. Marseille's flying form was just too beautiful, and could also be so fleeting, as I only knew too well. As I told Matilda this, she unexpectedly nodded gravely.

"The envoy of the Eagle is loved by God, and flies by God's side. And you fear that somedey she will also retum to God foraver."

Yes, we witches ars alweys in the gods' territory. The sky was the world of birds and the gods. And Marseille was the image of both.

"Altitude 3500, enemy sighted!"

Marseille's voice came from a nearby receiver.

"Liesa, we will intercept!"

"This is Liesa, enemy formation consists of small flyers, Hierax class, 10 units."

Leutnant Liesa reported the details of the encounter for us back at base. The Hierax class's air combat worthiness was far below that of a Witch.

They could be an annoyance if they came all at once in large numbers, but they were slow and ewkward in flight, and even I used to treat them as sitting ducks. With only those as enemies, it would be an easy victory.

"Element leader is circling to the left behind and below enemy formation, ah, direct hit!"

"0820, one enemy craft down, 8 klicks south-south-east of El Imad."

A huge cheer erupted among the crew at the announcement. Once again, their much respected leader had increased her victory count.

"Continuing, 0830, same location, another enemy down."

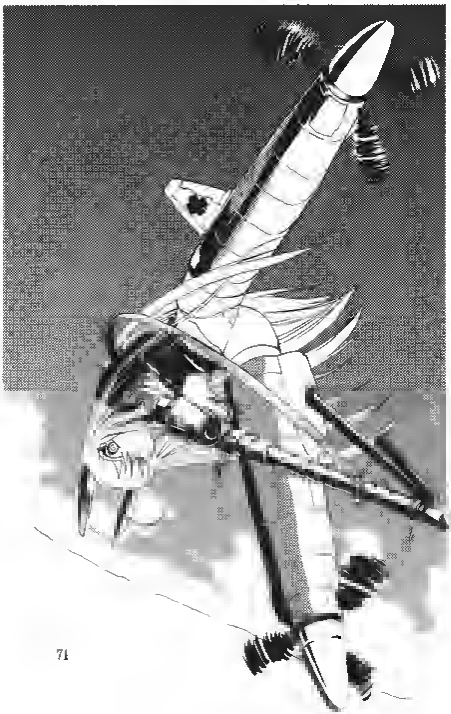
"0833, 1 klick south-east of Imad, yet another down!"

The next moment, Leutnant Liesa's voice came from the radio again, this time with a tone of urgency.

"Six enemy craft, Chelidon class high-speed light flyers, coming in from 6 o'clock!"

The Chelidon class, with a streamlined design giving it a high maximum speed and excellent maneuverability, was a formidable enemy. With six of them heading towards them from the rear in a surprise attack, would they be alright?

"Liesa, get away from my rear."



Marseille's voice.

I was immediately reminded of what I had heard last night.

"So long as a keep an aye out on the enemy's cannons, I won't be in any danger. The only way I'll be in any danger is if I make a mistake and get caught by surprise."

Edging up close to the enemy, dodging at the last moment, and swinging back right behind the enemy... that was her specialty. I suppose that's why a wingman at her back would only get in the way.

"Hard left!"

Luetnant Liesa's voice. Perhaps Marseille had overshot her target.

"0839, 2 klicks east-south-east of El Imad, enemy down."

"Remaining enemies are breaking off. We will return to base as well."

Marseille's calm voice came through the radio receiver.

In the mere twenty minutes since the beginning of hostilities, Marseille had shot down four enemy flyers. That must have been par for the course for her.

Marseille returned to base at 9:14. We waved, but she was as composed as she was yesterday. As the technicians came up to welcome her back warmly one after the other, the remaining technicians prepared for the next attack. The munitions technician handed her a new ammunition belt and gun, while the engineers inspected the engines and filled them with new coolant, and the electrical engineers checked to make sure all the circuits were working.

Matilde hurried over with a sun-shade, as Marseille prepared for the next sortie, still in her Striker.

"Just four down, huh. I'll bet that wasn't enough for you."

I walked up to her side and handed her a towel, which she accepted with a small self-deprecating grin.

"The day's only just getting started, and those Neuroi will be back. There's a long way to go yet."

"Refit complete!"

The technicians finished their work and backed away from the Striker. Marseille tossed the towel back to me, checked her preparations, and took off into the air again.

As we all watched her fly off again, the munitions team started murmuring among themselves excitedly.

"Look at this, the Oberleutnant only used 60 rounds!"

One of the techs pulled the nearly unused ammunition belt from the ammo case, and I took a picture of the surprised techs as they each inspected it in turn. I had forgotten to take pictures during the first flight, and while I had decided to make sure I took pictures this time around, I would still have quite a few shots left over for other things.

She only used 60 rounds to bring down four flyers. It was just like Obereutnant Rall said: Fifteen rounds per craft, with machine-like precision.

"Right, 10 klicks, enemy sighted!"

"Enemy Hierax, numbering approximately thirty!"

The reports came from the radio receiver in quick succession.

Outnumbered 15 to 1, the exact opposite of Monty's ideal conditions. However, Marseille did not even break e sweat at the numbers.

"Follow behind me, Liesa!"

"Roger."

Only static came through the radio after that.

All the personnel at base waited for the results of the battle with bated breath, not even e single whisper going around the aree.

"Enemy, in defensive ring formation!"

"We will break through into the center!"

"Roger."

The enemy was flying in e ring-shaped formation, so that they could defend themselves on all sides. However, if Marseille could punch through into the center of the ring, their formation would become useless. Of course, it would be impossible to actually fly straight into that mass of enemy craft without real courage.

"One down, and... that's another one!"

"Tch."

"Enemy formation, breaking apart!"

Apparently, the enemy hed realized their foolishness in maintaining formation after getting two flyers shot down in quick succession. By scattering and leying down fire on

Marseille from all directions, the Neuroi would have the advantage.

"Six of them to the left!"

"Alright, punch through there!"

However, Marseille was different. Even after the enemy scattered, she took the initiative and continued with her relentless attack.

"Third one!"

"Enemy, shifting to the east! The rest of them are breaking formation too!"

She was most likely taking out the smaller detachment before the main formation could catch up. I could only gather a fragmented idea of what was going on from the sparse information coming in.

In any case, she had pursued the six flyers that had gone east, and apparently had shot down four of them.

"Enemy, out of sight."

"No, wait, below you."

They must have found them again.

"We're going in for a pass."

"Roger."

More static.

"Direct hit! That's another one down!"

Lt. Liesa's jubilant voice broke the silence.

"Alright, we should return to base soon."

"Yes, roger that!"

With that, everyone at the landing field began to move, ending the tense silence that had been there up to that point.

I also planned on taking a photo of Marseille coming in for the landing, and changed film.

As I was doing so, a report came in from the radio again.

"There's still one more."

"We must not have noticed this one, it's close."

The airfield went silent once more.

"It's down!"

In just ten minutes of fighting, Marseille had shot down 9 of the Neuroi flyers. Skill of terrifying proportions, so skilled that Luetnant Liese could not even get a single shot off. That's who Marseille was.

Looking up into the sky, I watched as Marseille returned to base with a relaxed landing. I captured every detail on my camera as she glided onto the runway, and was congratulated by the technicians who rushed forward to help.

As the cheering went on, I noticed a black car stop by the side of the runway. A general stepped out of the car.

Marseille, who was now out of her Striker unit, stood in front of the general and saluted.

"Sir, on this day, our squadron was deployed twice, and brought down twelve enemy flyers."

Hearing this, the general grinned broadly.

"Really now, and how many did you personally shoot down?"

"Twelve of them, sir."

A surprised look passed quickly over the general's face. He shook Marseille's hand, then got back into the car without saying another word.

In the end, there were two more sorties, and Marseille returned to base that evening with five more victories.

Seventeen in one day, that was Marseille's final total for the day. At noon, I had been brought to the location of the first crash, and took several pictures of the crater. The actual craft had already dissipated into light and disappeared, but there was still a great scar left on the land. However, I suppose the wind would blow again soon, and cover it all under the sand once more.

An ephemeral battle, leaving nothing behind, just like a mirage; that was the nature of these desert battles.

However, in this land far removed from civilization, one courageous person continued to fight on.

This fight of hers was like one straight from the realms of mythology.

And this one warrior had a motto: "Never look back, and keep moving forward."

Of course, even this record I've made is probably nothing but old history to her though.

Epilogue

I said farewell to Africa. I developed all of the film I took in Tobruk, where I was also able to send out copies to various people I had met.

Of course, I laughed when I saw that pictures of Marseille were enlarged very quickly and made into posters.

The picture of the Romagnan general was also bought by a newspaper. Apparently they thought it would be perfect for raising morale back home. Having made some money, I suppose I'll buy some Fuso sake alcohol I found among some supplies from Fuso, and have it sent to Marseille's base.

After all, I never got the chance to try a sake martini.

After having watched Marseille and her witches in action, I began to wonder if perhaps I could take to the air as a witch once again.

Air combat might be impossible, but I could at least fly. Pushing the Neuroi out of this world of ours does not depend solely on those fighting themselves. Spreading the word of all of these heroines to people all over the world, or teaching others how to fly... all of these ars also worthwhile battles.

To do what I can do... I feel that I've found the wings of my new self.

Oberleutnant Marseille, let's meet once again. And when we do, we'll fly through these skies, together.

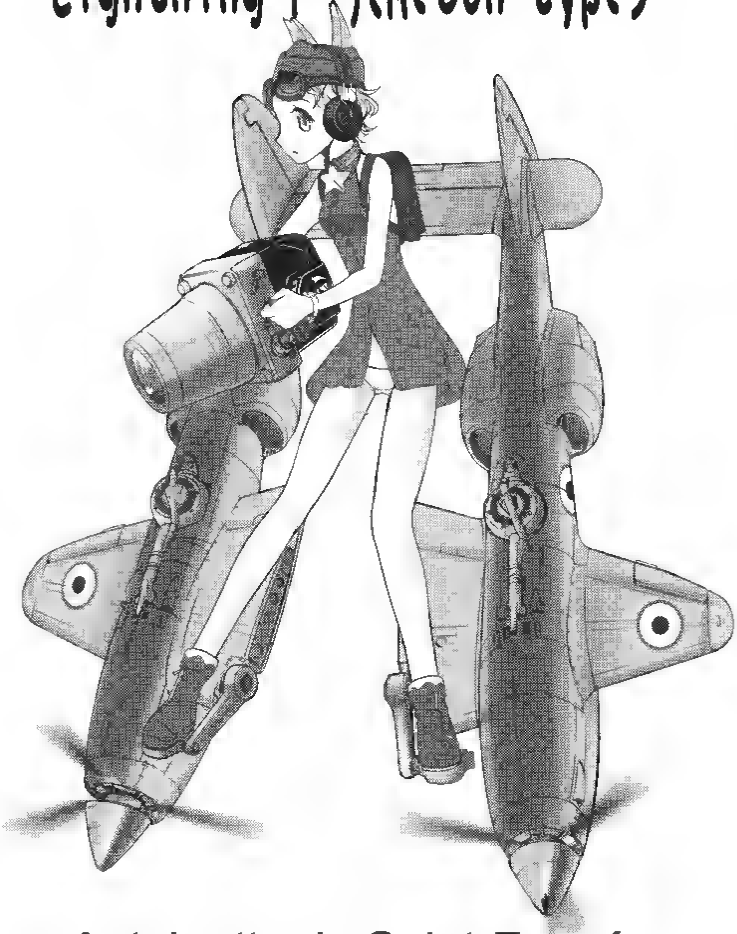
-Fin.

—

すとらいくうぃっちーず

こぼれ話

Lightning F-5(Recon type)



Antoinette de Saint-Exupéry

Illustration 松田未来

コメント

TVアニメーションのストライクウィッチーズは、企画段階にあった要素の、必要最低限の根幹部分を切り出したものとなっています。
それはアニメーション表現、尺の都合でそうせざるを得なかった側面もあります。

幸いノベルで別戦線のウィッチに機体特性の書分けと、漫画では使い魔等の魔法要素に頃を割いていただき、アニメでは拾えなかった要素を補完することが出来ました。

本書では、アフリカを舞台に男たちの戦争を描いたものです。
少女が戦いの主役である以上、軍隊は制作者側の都合で脇役とならざるをえませんが、そんな男たちが、何が出来るか、何をしていたか、をきちんと描いておきたいという思いは企画段階から皆が持っていました。
達筆で漫画の才が無い自分に代わって、野上氏が描く男の戦い、文句無くかっこいいです。

島田フミカネ

この本に載っている内容は、野上さんの漫画も含めて、本来はDVDのブックレットに載せる予定でした。
しかし、ブックレットのページ数が減ったので、その原稿が宙に浮いてしまい、関係者と相談の上、こういった形で出すことができました。快く承諾、いやそれどころか後押しをして下さった方々には、厚くお礼申し上げます。
さて、この世界には、大きく分けて5つの戦線があります。ウラルからカールスラント方面の東部戦線、ブリタニアからガリア方面の西部戦線、地中海からアフリカ方面のアフリカ戦線、スオムス方面の北方戦線、そして扶桑方面の太平洋戦線です。
ヤマグチノボルさんの小説では北方戦線、アニメでは西部戦線を描いています。
他の戦線でも多くのドラマが展開されており、今回こうやってアフリカ戦線の一部を紹介することができましたが、他の戦線にも多くのウィッチがいます。
いつか、それらのウィッチたちや、今回のような男たちの、そして可能ならば使い魔たちの物語も紹介できればと思っています。
そして、今回のキャラクターも含め、いつかアニメにも登場させられるほど、作品が皆さんに気に入って頂ければ、と思っています。

鈴木貴昭

このたびは読了ありがとうございます。
思い起こせば、島田さんや鈴木さんと知り合った頃というのが、、ちょうどストライクウィッチーズの企画が動き出してた頃でした。
それ以来紆余曲折を経ながらも島田さんや鈴木さんの企画に対する執念やその他もろもろのエピソードをリングサイド特等席から指をくわえて見てた…これがストライクウィッチーズにおける野上のポジションでした。
で、2008年1月の角川書店新年会で、角川書店の中の人に「ストライクウィッチーズ描きますよー50P描きますよー」とぶっこいてみたのですが、途端に鈴木さんから「野上さんそんな余裕ないでしょ」と突っ込まれたのは今となっては懐かしい思い出です。
この度、TV放送直前の時期に今度は鈴木さん側から「野上さーんストライクウィッチーズの同人やらねえ？」というお話をいただきました。
本当は蒼海の世紀七話とあわせてちょっと描いてだしゃいいかと思ってたのに、島田さんその人から表紙が送られてきて・逃げ場失いました。
というわけで後先考えず全力でこの作品にぶつかってみましたが、いかがでしたでしょうか。
楽しんでいただければ幸いです。

野上武志

坂本龍馬が暗殺されなかった、もう一つの20世紀。

蒼海の世紀

第七話

執筆快調！
乞うご期待

2008年　秋（予定）

蒼海の世紀

第一話～第三話話
番外編 1,2
総集編 1'（1～3話所収）

第一話

第二話

第三話

第四話

第五話

第六話

総集編 1（第一話～第二話所収）

番外編 01

番外編 02

虎の穴・メロンブックス・たちばな書店にて
好評頒布中

ストライクウィッチーズ
アフリカの魔女
The Witches of Africa

＜奥付＞
SHIMADA FUMIKANE ,SUZUKI TAKAAKI,NOGAMI TAKESHI
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED 2008
発行日 2008年8月17日 初版発行

発行責任者 野上武志
連絡先 info@firstspear.com
印刷 共信印刷株式会社

ご意見，ご感想をお寄せください。
http://www.ne.jp/asahi/humikane/e-waes/
http://www.firstspear.com
http://yamitoun.air-nifty.com/blog/

印刷 共信印刷株式会社

この物語はフィクションです。
実在の人物・団体名とは一切関係はございません。

本書は日本国の著作権法及びベルヌ条約などの国際条約により、著作権の保護を受けています。
本書の一部あるいは全部について、著者からの文書での許諾を得ないかなる方法によっても無断で複写・複製することは禁じられております。
ただし、日本国著作権法第32条【著作権の制限】に定められた場合を除きます。
もし違反が確認された場合は法的手続きをとらせていただきます。

This book has received the protection of copyright with international treaty such as the Copyright Act and Verne treaty of Japan.
It is prohibited that with no permission to reproduces & duplicates portion of this book or entirely concerning, with whatever method of not obtaining the permission in the document from the author.
However, the Japan Copyright Act 32nd provision < Restriction of copyright > the case where it is decided is excluded.
When violation was verified, you take legal proceedure

島田フミカネ × 鈴木貴昭 × 野上武志
SHIMADA humikane　SUZUKI takaaki　NOGAMI takeshi